THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CRIMSON AND GOLD

Shooting Through Emerald Are Ireland's Colors in This Glorious Year.

The Most Beautiful, as Well as the Most Unfortunate, Country in Europe.

DUBLIN, Oct. 4.—The autumns, or as you would say in America, the falls, of 1893 and 1894, will be long remembered by the natives of these countries for the magnificent weather they brought. This harvest has been, if anything, better than that of last year. Grass is much better than it was in 1893, and all kinds of grain crops are better. It is said that in some districts the potatoes are rotting very fast. It is strange how that can be, for during the last six weeks there has hardly been enough of rain to wet one through a cambric shirt. Potatoes are no dearer in Dublin now than they were a year ago, and are quite as good; their average retail price here is from five pence to six-pence a stone. If the potatoes rot this year, it has not been on account of wet weather. But although there has been no rain worth speaking of for five or six weeks, and although the hay and grain have been harvested in splendid condition, this has been a very sunless summer in Ireland. During almost the whole of September there were not half a dozen days of sunshine. Dry weather and leaden skies were the rule. This summer has, in fact, been the most extraordinary one ever I remember to have experienced in Ireland, for all the rain, and there was a great deal of it during July and August, came from the east and northeast. This is something that no one living remembers ever to have occurred at any previous time. Of all points from which the wind could blow, northeast has, in these countries, always been considered the dryest; but all the rain storms we have had here since spring have, without a single exception, come from the northeast. There was a rainstorm on the night of June 25 last, that laid flat every field of heavy grain in the east of Ireland. The wind has been blowing from [illegible] for days on end, and [illegible] without a single exception! This is something that has never been known before. It would seem to indicate that grave disturbance of the gulf-stream, or something else, has taken place. As a consequence of the northeast wind, fine and rainless as this fall has so far been in Ireland, the weather has been anything but warm, and Dublin and the whole of the east of Ireland have had colder and cloudier weather than the western parts of the island. We have had leaden skies and piercing east winds here on many days this fall and summer when people were basking in sunshine in Munster and Connacht; and from all I can learn from newspapers and private sources, much more grain was lodged by wind and rain in the east of Ireland this year than in the south and west of the island. But taken on the whole, this has been a magnificent year both for grass and grain. Potatoes seem the only crop that is not far above the average.

So much for the weather and crops. To turn to more æsthetic matters, I must say that much as I was struck by the beauty of Ireland last year, its beauty was, during the last summer, so inconceivably magnificent as almost to take away one's breath. Whether it was the abundance of rain in the early part of the year that caused wild flowers of all kinds to bloom as they never were known to bloom before, or whether it was the extreme mildness of last winter, I know not; but many wild flowers as there were in Ireland, last year, it seems to me that where there was one last year, there have been a hundred this year. Every field that was not well tilled or weeded every week, grew poppies to such an extent that some fields were absolutely red with them. They grew among potatoes to such an extent that some farmers were severely annoyed by them. That common yellow weed that grows in pastures call in Irish "buachalan," grew this year in such profusion that the fields appeared yellow at a mile's distance. Some farmers near Dublin had cut those weeds three times during the summer; but in two weeks after they would be over a foot high again, with blossoms six inches in diameter. In the early part of the summer, the hedges were in some places as white with hawthorn blossoms some weeks before. Never had Ireland seen such a summer for flowers as the one that is just past. Even now as I am writing, the hedges are in many places white with blackberry blossoms, a thing that "the oldest inhabitant" remembers never to have seen before in October. From many indications, it would seem that this fall is going to be an extraordinarily fine and prolonged one, to be succeeded by a terribly severe winter like that of 1855, when all the lakes and rivers of Ireland were frozen over.

There were a great many Americans here this summer, but it is to be feared that most of them went home before the fine weather set in, and before the hills were arrayed in their gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold. The hill of Howth was, beyond nay or yea, one of the wonders of the world this year—a sight worth crossing the Atlantic five times to see. The greater part of that peninsula consists of barren mountain and rocky hills; but this year every square yard of the uncultivated part of the hill was one brilliant carpet of crimson and gold, caused by the blossoms of the heath and furze. Howth is one of the few places where both plants grow together. No two colors in nature seem to harmonize so well with each other as crimson and gold. To see some thousands of acres of gold and crimson carpeting spread over hill, rock and valley, is a wonder of beauty only to be seen in Ireland, and only to be seen in the months of August or September. The furze and heath grew this year in Howth out of what seemed absolute rocks, and covered them to their very highest pinnicle with their gorgeous drapery of flowers. To see Howth last September was to see something unique on this planet. The oldest resident in that peninsula told me he never remembered to have seen such a wonderful bloom of wild flowers in it. In a walk of a mile and a half taken across the hill, about the middle of last month, my foot never once touched the ground that it did not crush a flower. And then, the honied perfume of the air, the hum of innumerable bees, and of almost every winged insect that loves sunlight and beauty, seemed to add to the wonders of the scene, and make one imagine he was transported to some planet fairer than the earth. But it was not in Howth alone that heath blossomed this year in perfection, for the Dublin and Wicklow mountains were covered with tens of thousands of acres of flowers. There is a valley in the Dublin mountains called Glendhu, the Black valley, and it was almost as beautiful and as extraordinary a sight as Howth. The glen is about two miles long, and on one side the mountain is more than a thousand feet high over the glen. The heath grows to four and five feet high on the side of the mountain next the glen, and up to the very top of the mountain was one vast drapery of crimson blossomed heath. If there were furze with their brilliant yellow blossoms growing, as in Howth, along with the heath, it would have formed such a sight of sublimity and beauty as could probably be found nowhere else on earth. I have often deeply lamented that Mr. and Mrs. George O'Hanlon, of New York, left here last summer before the mountains were in their glory of gold and crimson vesture. Mrs. O'Hanlon was astonished by the number of flowers she saw here in June and July; but had she remained until September she would have run a chance of going crazy with delight, she loves wild flowers so well.

It is sad to think how few there are, even among the refined and rich, who care for the beauties of nature. That few of the rich and great care for the [illegible] and Ireland, or even in Dublin. There are thousands of rich, retired people from almost every country in Europe, living in London, but there is absolutely not a single family of such people living in Dublin. They settle down in the smoke, fog, noise and all the other horrors of that abominable Babylon where it takes them half a day to get into the country, and when they get into it, it is not worth looking at. The glories of Dublin Bay, the views from Howth and Killiney, all of the transcendent beauties of this most beautifully situated capital in the world, have no charms for them. They will live in London or Paris, because it is fashionable to live there, and for no other reason. It is such rich, human clods as they that make Anarchism rampant, and it is hardly to be wondered at, for the poor see that so few of the rich care for anything but fashion, high living and enjoyments of the most earthly kind.

The great annual horse show that is held here every year on the four last days of August, was a greater success this year than ever it had been before. For my part, I paid very little attention to the horses or their jumping; my attention was given to the people rather than to the horses. Never before did I see so fine a crowd of human beings, male and female, for women formed fully half of it. There were 25,000 people in the enclosure at an average charge of about $1.50 each. They were from all parts of Ireland, and were the *elite* of the population. No one who would gaze on such a magnificent gathering of well-dressed people could say that the Irish were degenerating physically, or that Ireland was a poor country.

Every vessel that comes to this side is crowded with steerage passengers returning from America, because they can get no work there; and for weeks after the passing of the bill for the reduction of the tariff, every vessel going to America was crowded with cabin passengers going there to sell goods. They will, I fear, do a large trade: but for every dollar's worth of British and Irish goods they sell, an American artisan or laborer will be put to loss, either by reduction of wages or want of employment. Never has a nation given itself such a slap in the face as America has given itself by passing the recent bill for the reduction of the tariff; and never has a political party shown its imbecility, its blindness, its perverseness and its want of patriotism so plainly as the Democratic party has. Woe to America if it ever comes into power again; if it does, you may as well throw up the sponge, and go back again under the English domination. T. O. R.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

A Sketch of the Career, Character and Writings of the Gentle Poet of the Banks of the Anner.

His Profound and Versatile Knowledge of the Light and Shades of Irish Character.

[*Dublin Evening Herald.*]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Of the effect of the dread famine on the once light-hearted Sally Cavanagh let the following extract tell:

"When she escaped from the [illegible] house," said Brian Purcell, "she [illegible] her way to the churchyard. Her [illegible] was entirely gone—she remembered nobody. Though I came to her nearly every day, I never noticed the least sign that she recognized me. But nothing would induce her to leave the churchyard. I even tried to force her away, but she clung to the headstone, and shrieked so wildly, I thought it cruelty to attempt removing her. So we supply her with a little food, and there she sits all day, apparently happy. At night, when the weather is inclement, we induce her to lie upon the heath in a shed in the corner. But what is most extraordinary—and I don't wonder the country people view it in a supernatural light—there you see the five little mounds, with their brown slabs and headstones, exactly like the other graves, beneath which she is persuaded her children are buried. No one, as far as I can learn, saw her constructing them.

"Stand near the slit in the wall," said Brian, "and you can see and hear what I am speaking to her. * * *"

"Well, Sally," said Brian, "so they are all dead." For he knew there was only one subject she could be induced to speak about.

"All dead! But I'll tell you something if you won't tell anyone."

"I won't tell anyone, Sally."

"Well, every night when the [illegible] be shinin'—but you won't tell, for they might take him from me?"

"No, Sally, I won't tell."

She placed her hand upon his [illegible] face, whispered: "He comes down when the stars do be shinin', and I have him in my arms all the night."

"Who, Sally? Who comes down?"

"Ah, you wouldn't guess! Well I'll tell you, the youngest of all—poor Willie with the blue eyes. An' I have him here all night—here," she repeated, pressing both her hands against her bosom.

Brian was almost affected to tears.

"Here is Nora outside," said she, kneeling down and laying her hand on one of the mounds. "An' shure you'd aisy know Corney, for he was nearly as tall as Norah. An' any one'd know the little one entirely. But who only myself could guess these two?" She looked up at Brian as if expecting a reply. "No," she continued, "you'd never be able to guess; but I'll tell you. This is Tom—the little fat bruckish; and this is Nicky. But will nobody tell me where is Neddy, poor Connor's own brave boy?"

We have already dipped so deeply that we must, unwillingly, omit the adventures of Dr. Forbis, when one night he put on by mistake the white hat of Josh Reddy, the fiddler, as also the telling of how Shawn Gow's cursing spoiled the success of a search for buried treasures; but let him who has not read of these events take a word of friendly advice and invest in Kickham's little book at the earliest opportunity.

We have left too little space for allusion to the larger volume "Knock-na-Gow," and can merely allude in passing to the great portrait gallery it contains. Therein you shall find, drawn from life, Norah, Lahy, the Kearneys, Bob Lloyd, his sister and his pet fox, Bessy Morris the arch-coquette, Billy Heffernan the fifer, Wattletoes, fearfully and wonderfully made, and many other pleasant people, who once upon a time were the life and soul of the village of Knock-na-Gow. Nor can place be found even to tell how Mat the Thresher threw the hammer with Capt. French.

Of Irish novelists, Lever, it has been said, is most appreciated by English readers, while Carleton and Lover have found greatest favor with the Anglo-Irish colony. One might add, in extension of the above rough-and-ready classification, that Kickham rivals Griffin and the Banims in the affections of his countrymen.

He is to be enjoyed, not criticised, and in assessing the value of his work we find the most satisfying standpoint in reviewing his books, not as novels, but as chronicles of the doings of real personages put together by an observant man of the people, who lived among and for the people.

Did a ruthless judicial estimate—which we are not concerned to make—demand a catalogue of his professional shortcomings it must be admitted that a ferocious critic of the old school would speedily find openings for his penthrusts.

Kickham does not always put his ideas in the best form. Even "Sally Cavanagh" would be the better for a sympathetic revision; while "Knock-na-Gow," in which plot is nearly as subordinated to luxuriance of incidental episode as in "Pickwick," occasionally drags, and would profit by judicious excision; but the pruning should be done by a master hand.

Postulating all this, and so making allowances for inevitable provincialism in manner and lack of technique, one prominent fact remains—that his characters, men, women, and children, all live for us. This achevement is reserved for great novelists alone.

With the typical writers of an earlier generation, Kickham had nothing but subject in common; and though Banim's "Father Connell" might have been a creation of his, their methods were not alike.

The unrestrained vigor which characterises Carleton and Banim does not mar the flow of Kickham's narrative—rather does it at times lack power. He is not a mere caracaturist, nor does he flatter nor find fault, and, which is remarkable, considering his career, his work shows no trace of unreasoning Anglophobia.

Though there be no orthodox definition of the indefinable something which we call humour, Kickham, interwove the grave and the gay, and so, true to life, was a true humorist.

His genius was somewhat akin to Dickens' and in a lesser, and also less apparent, degree to that of Bret Harte, though each drew inspiration from very different sources, and their methods admit of obvious differentiation. Kickham is the most natural, Dickens produces the broadest effects, while the American is the better craftsman; yet all three dealt with the same strata of humanity, the middle and lower, with a preference for the latter, and all three treated of the smiles and sighs that are for all to see. None of them ventured on the psychological studies which have attractions for a narrower circle.

Plot is not one of the strong points of either Kickham or Dickens, yet both are readable and re-readable, for each has that "touch of nature" which eventually renders the character-novel more attractive than the plot-novel, which may possess a more absorbing, but less enduring, interest.

Kickham's humor, though different in tone, is as spontaneous as that of the English novelist. He is imaginative rather than fanciful, and he is never grotesque. His pathos has gained from his neglect or ignorance of art, and he is far more homely and sincere than Dickens, who often hovers dangerously near melodrama. This Kickham never does, and, as a matter of fact, the death of Norah Lahy of Knock-na-Gow has occasioned as much grief in Irish homes as did the death of Little Nell.

Kickham had not the vocabulary [illegible] literary craftsman must [illegible] produce the effects which Meredith, Hardy, Crawford and others often obtain by the aid of the dictionary, and which Stephenson and Kipling at times accomplish without it; but his genial humor possesses a charming element of pleasantness which is peculiarly his own. He has not given us an impressive analysis of character; his is not the masterful handling that makes a Classic; but he is never a mere impressionist, and, somehow, his work gives one the idea that it is an autobigraphy with the autobiographical portions left out. In this closeness of sympathy with his people we can trace something of the gracefulness of the modern French school and many of the homely touches that in recent years have placed the American authoress, Miss Wilkins, in the front rank of tellers of short stories—for example, the description of Billy Heffernan's hopeless love for Norah Lahy, or Mat Donovan's wooing of Bessie Morris.

It is true that our great National novelist—our Irish Scott—has yet to come, but he will do well to study Kickham during his apprenticeship. M. Renan has defined sound literature as "that which carried out in practice, makes a noble life." Kickham's work can bear the test of this criterion, which should define the true aim of the novelist—the ideal realism—and though his expression does not reach the level of his thought, yet, when all is said, the fact remains that his readers carry away many delightful mind-pictures, and one lays down "Sally Cavanagh" or "Knock-na-Gow" with the feeling of parting from old friends.

Kickham is not for those who have become denationalized or, what is worse, are in the transition stage. They alone can appreciate Kickham to the full, who have lived along the frieze-coated peasantry, and heard the mellow brogue of the old language, seen the plowmen in the fields and the mowers in the meadows, the children trooping home from school, the people thronging the roads to mass, and the Irish dead laid to rest in the shade of grey abbey ruins. So, if one should feel himself becoming, let us say, too cosmopolitan, in fact, on the off-chance, let him keep Kickham by him and turn to him now and then, as the care-worn Englishman turns to his Shakespeare for the consolations of Philosophy. He will never be the worse for it. H. M.

An Ample Fund of Pleasure and Health

May be derived from an ocean voyage and foreign travel. But before one gets one's "sea legs" on, as the sailor says, the abominable qualms, begotten of sea sickness, have usually to be gotten over. Delicate people suffer, of course, more than the robust from this ailment, but few sea travelers escape it. Against the frightful nausea it produces, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a reliable defense, and is so esteemed by tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen and mariners. An ailment akin to sea sickness often afflicts land travelers with weak stomachs. This is often brought on by the jarring of a railway train. Disquietude in the gastric region from this cause is always remedied by the Bitters, which also prevents and cures chills and fever, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble, constipation and biliousness.

SUNBURST CLUB

Holds a Love Feast and Listens to Speeches and Song.

Remarks By Mr. Holden, Mr. Keating and Other Gentlemen.

Thursday, Oct. 11, was a gala night for the young folks of the Sunburst Club when they extended the hospitalities of their comfortable rooms in Columbia Hall to the Gaelic class. The word "Welcome" stared one on every side, and bespoke the caed-mille-failthe which gleamed from the bright eyes of each lady hostess and gentleman entertainer. Among the many present were noted Messrs. Wm. Dillon, M. Crean, P. F. Holden, J. Spallan, J. J. Harrington, J. J. Sherlock, J. O'Hara, P. J. Hill, W. Moore, M. Lamb, J. F. Keating and others. P. F. Holden, president of the Sunburst Club, took the chair and opened the programme as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have the honor and very great pleasure of bidding you a hearty cead-mille-failthe to the Irish Sunburst Club. We have asked you, members of the Philo-Celtic Society, to honor us with your presence tonight that we may show you how much we appreciate your noble efforts to save the Irish language from decay; and to assure you of our unstinted co-operation. You will see the word "Welcome" in every corner of our hall. You may read it in the eyes of our members, and I can tell you that it is also deep down in our hearts. Perhaps the most graceful act I could now perform, as chairman of this gathering, would be to conclude, and make way for those whom we have specially requested to deliver addresses. Let us, however, renew again our love for Mother Erin, for whose sake we are linked together, and pray with the Young Ireland poet:

"May Ireland's voice be ever heard
Amid the world's applause,
And never be her flag-staff stirred
But in an honest cause.
May freedom be her very breath,
Be tyrants ever dear,
And [illegible]
May son of Ireland fear."

Some charming selections of old Irish airs were then rendered on the piano by Miss M. Crean, and Mr. Hanrahan's song was an unique success, almost eclipsed by a recital of the troubles of an unhappy father of wandering twins launched in a clothes basket on the waves of a cold world, and submitted in best elocutionary style by Miss Carrie Clifford. The airs rendered on bagpipes and violin by Messrs Tobin and McCormick evoked warm applause. The programme included several addresses on subjects of interest, and I noted with much satisfaction a splendid and touching address by the venerable Gaelic teacher, Maurice Crean, and another on the same subject by the talented young secretary of the Gaelic class. An able exposition of the objects and aims of the Sunburst Club was greeted with applause when J. J. Hanrahan read his able paper. Mr. Thomas Sherlock, in brilliant sentences, told the story of the Fireside Club, its hopes and achievements. The patriotic hearts of the members present were fired by the speaker's words, and frequent applause interrupted the reading of the paper.

With blushing cheek Thos. B. O'Hara responded to the toast of "The Ladies," confessing amid laughter and applause, that he had found his destiny in the Sunburst Club, and believing open confession is good for the soul, he pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment. The "Irish Press of Chicago" was responded to by Mr. William Dillon, editor of the *New World*, who paid a graceful compliment to THE CITIZEN. At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Dillon was warmly applauded by his appreciative audience, and the chair called on J. T. Keating to respond for the A.O.H. Mr. Keating spoke as follows:

I feel grateful that our chairman did not call on me until the good cheer and kindly hospitality of the Sunburst Club had softened your hearts and prepared you to listen with leniency to the poor efforts of the humble individual who now has the temerity to address you. The happy gathering I see around me, the splendid talent displayed in the addresses, the free expression of advanced thought carries me back to the days when some twenty-three years ago, a few months returned from school the young men with whom I was associated, actuated with the ideas which no doubt inspire the members of the Sunburst Club, organized a society similar in character. In those days we did not enjoy the privileges and liberties you Irish-Americans are blessed with, and our efforts were hampered by the jealous eyes of the conservative loyalists of the community. We were compelled to hold our sessions in a garret. A forgotten carpenter's bench and a few broken stools were the only furniture of that cheerless auditorium. A few borrowed candles, the sole illumination, but the warm hearts which throbbed in the breasts of those young men needed no incentive of luxurious surroundings to urge them on the paths of self help and elevation of their race.

That gathering is now scattered far and wide. Some in America's cities, some in Australia's bush, some in Africa's wilds, and some of treasured memory in the Green Old Isle. I trust that the members of your circle will in future days look back with similar pleasure to the hours spent midst kindred spirits, and soothe the friction of a hurried life with kind recollections of dear friends and co-workers of early days.

The speaker at length reviewed the origin, career and record of the A.O.H., and concluded his address as follows:

Never in the long exile of our race in free Columbia has the fate or future of our Erin seemed so cloudy. Treachery and apathy with equal force sap the support which sustained the cause in the past. It is to you, in this hour of doubt and danger, to you young men of the present, possible workers and leaders of the future, that those who have grown old in the harness, turn with anxious appeal to step into the breach and lend your young fresh energy to the struggle before us. Step out, free and untrammeled by the past affiliations, prejudices and attachments which fetter the actions of your elders. Tie yourselves to no man's destiny. There seems to be in the composition of Celtic nature an ingredient which unfits us to a certain extent for citizenship in a republic. It is a species of hero worship or "one manism" which leads the people to tie their country's cause for good or ill to some individual's fortunes to sink or swim, as circumstances permit. You of the future should commence a new epoch of work for Ireland and the Irish people, with a new departure of confidence in the rank and file and curtailments of the presumptions of individuals. If a new movement is to be made on behalf of the old land, let it first receive the sanction not of a section but of the whole race. Our experience in the Irish Day undertaking has taught us what we can do. Let representatives of all the scattered Gael be brought together from all the climes where they labor and live and meeting in some of the magnificent auditoriums we are possessed of in this "Hub of the World," let them arrive, after exhaustive deliberation, at some definite understanding as to the opinion of those representatives what is the best to do for our old land, and to what end to shape our work. Then we will have no factions, then we will have "authors of ideas," not "masters of the situation." The rank and file will voice their decision, through their properly accredited representatives. Let the people speak.

The speaker concluded with reference to the Irish press discussing a World's Congress of the Irish Race, and spoke of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the A. O. H., and help the old order would receive from same.

At a late hour the programme was concluded and the members and visitors departed, hoping an early return of so pleasant an evening. SHAUN

Appetite Returned.

LYONS, Ill., Sept. 18, 1894.—John A. McBride, Police Magistrate, makes the following statement: "My little girl could not eat and was troubled with malaria. I procured for her three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after she had taken them her appetite returned."

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.

Death under all circumstances is indeed sad; there are, however, many cases where death comes with extreme sorrow and severity. The many friends of Mr. Jeremiah Flynn, of the criminal court, will regret to learn of the deep affliction in his family. For the past five weeks Mr. Flynn has been nursing three of his children stricken with scarlet fever, and during that long time has not enjoyed a single night's rest. A few days ago death came to the relief of one of the little sufferers, his beautiful and intelligent boy, Emmet Flynn, aged 2½ years. The remains of the little one were conveyed to their final resting place and gently laid to rest in Mount Olivet. The sympathy of his friends are with Mr. Flynn's family in their sad affliction. W. C. M.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

BOLD TRAIN ROBBERY

BANDITS GET AWAY WITH $50,000 IN GOLD COIN.

Railway and Express Companies Offer $10,000 Reward for the Capture of the Robbers and Recovery of the "Swag"—The Crime Well-Planned and Carried Out.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13.—The bandits who held up a Southern Pacific overland train a few miles west of Sacramento, late Thursday night, and looted the Wells-Fargo company express car, secured over $50,000. They seem to have eluded the officers and escaped with their plunder, which was nearly all in gold, and consequently a heavy burden. Beyond the mere supposition that the bandits are railway men who have been in the employ of the Southern Pacific—and the supposition is based only on their apparent familiarity with railway methods and their ability to successfully handle a locomotive—the pursuing officials have very little to work upon. The astounding success of the hold-up was not known until this writing. Earlier reports of the robbery gave the amount of money taken at $1,500.

When inquiries were made at the general offices of the Wells Fargo company in this city, Manager Cooper declined to state how much plunder the robbers secured, declaring that it was simply a matter between the express company and the consignees of the treasure. He refused positively to give any information to the point. The truth came out, however, when the Southern Pacific issued a circular offering a reward of $10,000 for the arrest of the two robbers and the recovery of the plunder. In this circular it is stated the bandits plundered the express car of over $50,000 in gold. The circular announces that the Southern Pacific company and the Wells Fargo company will pay $2,500 for the capture of each robber and $5,000 for the recovery of the money or a proportionate amount for any part of the whole.

Details of the Robbery.

Details of this robbery show it to have been well planned by men who knew just what they were about and who were determined that t little thing like dilling a man in cold blood should not interfere with their scheme. As soon as the train stopped the robbers covered the engineer and fireman with guns and compelled them to accompany them to the express car. Messenger Jack Paige shot twice at the bandits and came near losing his life. The engineer and fireman called to Paige to open the door, as the train robbers were going to shoot them if he did not and were prepared to blow up the car with dynamite. He complied with their request and the robbers looted the car of gold, which they loaded on the locomotive and steamed away in the direction of Sacramento, starting the engine back "wild" when they had done with it.

The robbers waylaid the track walker on his tricycle about 9 o'clock, tied him hand and foot, stole $5.50 and left him helpless at the side of the track. The track walker was just pulling out of Sheep camp and the overland was already in sight. With the track walker's lantern the robbers signaled No. 3 to stop. Scott slowed up, but did not come to a full stop until the explosion of dynamite bombs under the engine warned him that it was useless to proceed further. By this time the two robbers were on the engine. They sprang on from opposite sides of the track, and began shooting at once. The passengers and train hands say quite a number of shots were fired before anybody knew what it was all about.

Was a Case of Saving Life.

The robbers forced the fireman to uncouple the express car from the train and then ran that much of the train about five miles before they stopped and went on with the robbery. The rest of the train remained at Sheep camp in imminent peril of being telescoped by the Oregon train in the rear. When the captured cars were halted Engineer Scott and the fireman were marched back to the express car, where the robbers made a demand on Messenger Paige to open his door. He refused.

"We'll shoot the engineer and fireman if you don't open in a hurry," said one of the robbers, the tallest of the two, while the other masked man held two dynamite bombs up to view in the clear moonlight and threatened to blow the express car to pieces unless it was opened at once.

Still Paige hesitated and some shots were fired through the glass door at him, one of which grazed his temple and filled it with broken bits of glass. Then the engineer called out to Paige to open the door. "We're covered with guns and they will kill us if you don't open," said Scott. Still Paige resisted and began to fire through the door, but his aim was wild, and again Scott, in fear of his life, called on the messenger to open, saying that the robbers would surely blow him up unless he gave up. The messenger finally opened the door. One robber then covered the messenger and the engineer and fireman with his rifle while the other searched for coin.

Finally Opened the Door.

It was soon found. "I was about out of ammunition," said Messenger Paige, "and Scott was so badly frightened that I opened the door to save his life. I am sure they would have killed him if I had held back a moment longer." The engineer and fireman were ordered to jump into the car. The robbers followed them. Train No. 10 was close behind and the bandits evidently knew that their time was precious. The engineer and fireman were made to carry the booty to the engine and deposit where directed.

The robbers mounted the engine and rode off, leaving the engineer and fireman behind. They went down the road toward Sacramento and then they reversed the lever and sent the engine back to the stalled train. Low steam was all that prevented a smash-up as the result of this part of the game. Train No. 10, the Oregon express, came along and pushed the three detached sections of train No. 3 into Sacramento, where they arrived at 12:30 in the morning.

The detectives are as yet without a clue to the identity of the robbers, and it is not even known in what direction the band has fled. Thursday two strangers registered at the Western hotel and were given a room in which they left overcoats and overalls. They did not sleep in the room, but next morning returned and claimed their property. They are said to answer the description of the robbers.

Ambassador Bayard at Home.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Ambassador Bayard has arrived in Washington from New York. He will be here for two weeks and is stopping with a relative, W. B. S. Clymer.

THE BRIGANDS GROWING BOLD.

A Gang Holds Up a Train in Virginia and Gets a Large Booty.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 13.—The northbound passenger train on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railway, which left here at 7 o'clock last night, was held up near Quantico. The engineer and fireman were forced from their engine, and the engine was cut loose and sent ahead. The express car was then entered, the messenger covered with a pistol, and the safe blown open and robbed. The runaway locomotive was stopped at Quantico by obstructing the track.

It is stated that there was an unusually large amount of money on the train, probably $50,000. The robbers, seven in number, were masked. The railway company has offered $1,000 reward for the arrest of any of the robbers. The express messenger, B. F. Crutchfield, and his helper, H. Murray, barred the doors of the express car, but these were blown open with dynamite. After the robbery the thieves made off with their booty in the direction of the Potomac river, where it is supposed they had a boat in waiting to take them to the Maryland side.

The operator at Brooks, six miles from Quantico, discovered that the engine was "wild" as it passed his station, and telegraphed to Quantico, where a switch was thrown, so that it was brought into collision with two loaded freight cars and wrecked. Had the locomotive been permitted to pas Quantico it would have collided with the south-bound passenger train.

One trainman said the robbers got $150,000, but this is believed to be a great deal too high an estimate. The express officials refuse to talk.

CAUGHT A BAD COUNTERFEITER.

The Catch Develops a Case of Alienation of Affections.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—Captain Porter, of the United States secret service, discovered that John Roberson, whom he arrested for counterfeiting several days ago, is John Spayne, a noted maker of bogus coin, for whom the secret service has been looking since early in 1893. Roberson's wife, or the woman who accompanied him as his wife, came into Captain Porter's office. The woman is blind and is a pathetic figure. She was accompanied by an old woman who acted as her guide and the object of her visit was to intercede for Roberson.

While she was in the office George W. Morton, who lives in this city, came in, and seeing the blind woman, said she was his wife, and that "she left me over a year ago and is now living with John Spayne, a counterfeiter." Morton approached his wife, who knew him by his voice. He upbraided her for leaving him and she defended herself. "I am blind and helpless and you neglected me. The man I am living with now has been devoted to me, and I will never desert him." Mrs. Morton, in answer to Captain Porter's questions, admitted that Robertson is Spayne. Spayne is the maker of the best counterfeit silver coin that ever appeared, with the exception of some plated copper coin discovered years.

AFRICAN GRAND LODGE.

Colored Masons May Establish an Orphans and Widows' Home at Chicago.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Oct. 13.—The African grand lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons completed its session here with an imposing parade. An unusual number of members died during the last year and impressive memorial services were held in their honor. A considerable charity fund has been raised, and the fraternity intends to establish an orphans and widows' home. It will probably be located in Chicago.

The officers elected for the next year are: W. H. S. Seals, Quincy, right worshipful grand master; Rufus Mitchell, Metropolis, deputy grand master; R. W. Dickinson, Chicago, right worshipul grand senior warden.

Two Jobs to Give Out.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The civil service commission will hold an examination on the 23d inst. to fill two vacancies in the position of nautical expert, one at Cleveland and the other at Chicago. The subject of the examination will be letter writing, pure mathematics, physical geography, nautical definitions and navigation. Persons desiring to compete should write to the civil service commission for application blanks. Residents of the District of Columbia will not be admitted. Examinations may be held in cities outside of Washington if applications are filed at once.

Henry Watterson's Daughter Married.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 13.—Miss Milbrey Watterson and William Alonzo Miller were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watterson, on Fourth avenue. The house was simply but beautifully decorated in rose and green, but in the reception room, where the bridal party took breakfast, the decorations were all in white. The bride wore a magnificent gown of white satin duchesse and her veil of point lace, the gift of her relative, Bishop Watterson, was fastened to the hair by a cluster of orange blossoms.

Seven Perish in the Lake.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The schooner Hartford went to pieces on the rocks twenty-five miles east of here during the storm, and all hands were drowned. The first body to wash ashore was that of the infant of the captain, who had his wife and baby along. Following are the names of the lost: Captain William O'Toole; Mrs. O'Toole and child; Mate Richard Seymour, Clayton; Michael Purcell, seaman, Clayton; Dennis McCarthy, seaman, Oswego; unknown sailor. The O'Tooles leave six orphans at their home in Clayton.

Wind Blows Sixty Miles an Hour.

ALPENA, Mich., Oct. 15.—One of the worst gales of the season has prevailed here. The wind blew sixty miles an hour from the north and the bay is full of boats.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The schooner A. J. Mowry was towed into the harbor last night with her foremast and bowsprit carried away and leaking. Her crew report a terrible encounter with the storm Saturday night. News from the lakes is that many vessels have been damaged, but so far no loss of life is reported.

Depositors Get 40 Cents on the Dollar.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., Oct. 16.—The long looked for settlement of the Seymour bank matter has been effected, depositors getting 40 cents on the dollar, which they agreed to take a few months ago. The bank failed July 27, 1893.

TRAIN WRECKERS CAUGHT.

The Men Who Wrecked the Train Near Battle Creek Last July.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Four railway employes—Stanley Knowles, John Bodewig, George W. Johnson and S. M. Jewett—were arrested and placed in jail in Battle Creek, Mich. They are charged with wrecking a Chicago and Grand Trunk passenger train at Battle Creek at 2 o'clock in the morning, July 16 last. Fireman Crow was killed at the time and twenty passengers were seriously injured. Knowles and Jewett were captured in this city. The men are all A. R. U. men and were engaged in the Debs strike, and it is stated that incendiary talk that was indulged at the meeting of the strikers at Battle Creek is largely responsible for the crime.

Very soon after the wreck occurred officials of the railway were in communication with a detective agency in this city, and the ground was soon covered with skilled sleuths, who found a clew in the discovery of the clawbar with which the wreckers had done their work. It is asserted by the prosecution that the evidence is abundant to convict the men, to say nothing of the fact thrit one of them has made a confession. The wreckers were not going to stop at the crime of July 16, but had planned several other wrecks, notably the derailment of a train load of new hands, but for one reason and another these schemes were abandoned.

HEAVY EXPRESS ROBBERY.

The Pacific Office at The Dalles, Or., Robbed of $14,000.

THE DALLES, Or., Oct. 16.—The Pacific express office here has been robbed of $14,000. The money was shipped from Portland on the regular Oregon Railway and Navigation overland train, which arrives here at 11 p. m. Agent F. N. Pill, after hauling the strong box from the train to the office, went home and did not return until shortly after midnight. Then he found the contents of the box gone, with the exception of $1,000 in silver coin which was evidently too heavy to add to the robbers' burden.

It is supposed that the robbers secreted themselves in the back room of the express office and waited for the agent to leave the building, as no doors or locks were forced open. They have known also that the express messenger who sleeps in the office was go to the stable nearby during the evening. Ladd and Tilton, of Portland, shipped $10,000—$7,500 in gold and $2,500 in silver—consigned to French & Co. The First National bank of Portland sent $5,000 in gold consigned to the Dalles National bank.

EXPORT AND IMPORT FIGURES.

Totals for a Month and Nine Months of 1893 and 1894.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—The bureau of statistics of imports and domestic exports of the United States, has made a report for the months of September, 1894 and 1893, and for the nine months of the present calender year. The following table gives the features of the report, month of September in 1893 and 1894:

	1893.	1894.
Exports of merchandise..	$71,096,798	$59,058,863
Imports of merchandise..	46,200,612	50,586,810
Exports of gold.....	1,439,886	240,668
Imports of gold.....	6,873,940	704,139
Exports of silver.....	4,746,000	4,008,186
Imports of silver.....	1,914,789	1,287,458

The exports of domestic merchandise for the last nine months amounted to $577,047,022, against $603,221,873 for the same time in 1893. The imports of merchandise during the nine month of 1894 amounted to $503,529,733, and for the same time last year $635,335,872. During the nine months of 1894 the excess of gold exports over imports was $73,603,619, and of silver $25,581,589.

FIFTEEN LOST IN THE GALE.

One of the Tragedies of the Storm on the Gulf of Mexico.

APALACHICOLA, Fla., Oct. 16.—In the recent storm fifteen fishermen, all white, were lost on Sand island, ten miles from Apalachicola. It was known that these men were caught in the gale, but until Saturday it was hoped that they had escaped. Since the gale subsided searching parties have been out, and Saturday three were found dead. Their bodies were swollen and so badly mutilated that they could not be identified, and they were buried on Sand island, where they were found. There is no doubt that all fifteen lost their lives.

American Board of Foreign Missions.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 13.—The American Board of Foreign missions has decided to meet next year at Brooklyn, N. Y., and elected the following officers: President, Richard S. Storrs; vice president, E. W. Blatchford; corresponding secretaries, Judson Smith, C. H. Daniels and James L. Barton; recording secretary, Henry A. Stimson; assistant, E. N. Packard; treasurer, L. Sward. A special and most important committee to boom finances was appointed. Many vacancies in the board were filled and twenty-five new members elected. A motion to admit women as corporate members was offered and will precipitate a spirited debate later.

Circus Performer Burned to Death.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—A traveling tent show, owned by a man named Lind, was destroyed in White Plains by an explosion of gasoline, and one of the company, Miss Edna G. Hurbert, was burned to death. The gasoline took fire from some unexplained cause and an explosion followed, filling the tent with flames. Lind escaped with his clothing ablaze and was taken to the officer of Dr. Birch near by. His face, arms and legs were severely burned, but it is thought that he will recover. Miss Hurbert was unable to get out.

Express Company Declines Valuables.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 16.—A special to The Republic from Claremore, I. T., says: On account of recent robberies the Pacific Express company has a notice posted in its office in the territory to the effect that it will not receive any money or valuables for transmission, nor issue any money orders until further notice. There is a report that all Pacific express offices in the territory are to be discontinued.

Robert J. Defeats Patchen.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Oct. 12.—The largest crowd that ever gathered at a similar event in the northwest witnessed the race between the two great pacers, Robert J. and Joe Patchen, at the interstate fair. Fully 25,000 people were on the grounds. Robert J. won the first heat in 2:06, the second in the same time, and the third in 2:08½.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

QUINCY, Ills., Oct. 11.—Murder most foul was done at the home of J. C. L. Miller, a wealthy farmer, twenty miles east of Quincy and two miles from the village of Liberty. He is blind, but notwithstanding that frequently goes hunting. He was out with a party hunting foxes and when he returned home in the morning found his wife and 10-year-old niece brutally murdered. Their heads had been beaten in and were frightfully crushed. The room showed evidence of a fearful struggle. Blood was spattered over the walls and the furniture was upset and broken.

There is no clew to the perpetrators, but the bloody work is supposed to have been done by burglars. Mr. Miller had had $3,000 in the house a few days ago, and it is supposed the murderers were after this money. All they got was $6, which they took from a pocketbook. Officers have left for the scene of the murder. Sheriff Vancil telegraphed to Sheriff Jack Jones of Lewis county, Mo., the owner of a pack of hounds, and he arrived here with three hounds. They started at once for Liberty, where the hounds will be put on the trail.

Women's Clubs of Illinois.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—The presidents and delegates of the women's clubs of Illinois to discuss the matter of a state federation held their second session, and adopted a constitution, which gives the organization a permanent existence. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Isabella Lanning Candee; first vice president, Mrs. W. J. Chalmers; second vice president, Mrs. Virginia Bash; corresponding secretary, Mrs. R. B. Farson; recording secretary, Mrs. M. P. Schenck; treasurer, Mrs. Whittemore.

Shot for Refusing a Drink.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 16.—Andrew Schueman, a well-known saloon keeper and old resident of the city, was shot by an unknown negro, and while it was not thought at the time he was fatally injured, the prospect now is that he will not survive through the night. The negro called at Mr. Schueman's saloon about closing time and called for a drink. He was refused and thereupon drew a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in Mr. Schueman's breast near the heart.

Pleaded Guilty to Murder.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., Oct. 16.—In the circuit court George Centrell pleaded guilty to the murder of Frederick Kohn, a farmer of East Carondelet, last August. Sentence was deferred. Centrell was employed by Kohn on his farm. One night in August while Kohn was returning home from town his wife and Centrell waylaid and shot him and then dashed out his brains with a hammer. Mrs. Kohn will be tried this month for the crime.

W. C. T. U. of Illinois.

MT. VERNON, Oct. 15.—At the annual election of officers for the W. C. T. U. for the ensuing year Mrs. E. B. Reynolds was re-elected president, Mrs. Carrie L. Grost, of The Chicago Lever, was elected vice president; Miss Helen Walker, of Bloomington, corresponding secretary; Miss Maud Rittenhouse, of Cairo, recording secretary, and Mrs. A. E. Sanford, of Bloomington, treasurer.

Pensioner Murdered for Money.

ALTON, Ills., Oct. 15.—A murder was committed in the city and all search so far has failed to locate the guilty persons. Harrison Harris, a pensioner, had just drawn his pension for the last few months, besides his week's pay as a well digger. He proceeded to enjoy himself in the saloon section. He was found lying dead and robbed in the rear of a saloon.

Killed in an Illinois Mine.

KEITHSBURG, Ills., Oct. 12.—A frightful explosion occurred in Dunn's coal mine, killing William Walters and Harvey H. Smith. The accident was caused by the premature explosion of a blast. Walters was horribly mangled. Smith lived several hours.

Reward for Mrs. Lohmiller's Slayer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 16.—The governor has issued a proclamation offering $200 reward for the apprehension of the person who killed Mrs. L. H. Lohmiller and niece near Liberty, Adams county, Oct. 9, 1894.

State Notes.

Samuel Vaughn, aged 80, was found shot through the head at his home near Lewiston, Ills. It is not known whether it was suicide or murder.

John Hiller, a saloonkeeper at Review, Ills., was robbed of $100 in cash, several boxes of cigars, and a number of bottles of whisky.

The Illinois board of labor appointed W. J. Whittaker of Collinsville, a member of the board of state mine examiners, vice George Evans, of Lincoln, resigned.

Colonel W. E. Stevens of Moline, Ills., was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for attempted criminal assault on a Belgian woman committed about a year ago.

William George, aged 80 years, was struck and almost instantly killed by an east-bound Chicago and Northwestern freight train at Wheatland, Ills.

Melissa D. Groff of Joliet, Ills., a young child, found and swallowed some laudanum kept in the house and died before the cause was discovered.

Attorney General Maloney of Illinois rules that women must furnish their own ballots and not vote with the men.

John St. John fell from a Clover Leaf train at Sorrento, Ills., and was killed.

Federation of Labor, in session at Belleville, Ills., decided in favor of single tax and against socialism

Illinois state fair was a paying enterprise. The total receipts were $52,000 and total expenses $42,000.

Trowbridge, Ills., was the scene of a fire that did $30,000 damage. The loss is partly insured.

John Powers accidentally shot and fatally wounded Patrick Butler while hunting near Jacksonville, Ills.

Out of the Law's Reach.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15.—The proprietors of the pool rooms, closed by the authorities in Covington, Ky., last week, have arranged to reopen for business under one roof on the Latonia grounds, where municipal authority will not reach them.

FROM THE POLITICAL FIELD.

What the Leaders Are Doing on the Stump in Different States.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Ex-Speaker Reed spoke to a house full in Cooper union and was received with great enthusiasm. He spoke in his best vein, not going into details of the tariff bill, but stating that its effect was apparent to all. Outside the square was full of people who could not get into the hall, who were addressed by local orators.

Harrison Closes His Tour.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 15.—General Harrison has arrived home from his political tour, having made twenty speeches during his absence. On his return trip he spoke at Boonville, English, Corydon Junction, Lincoln City (the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln), New Albany, Jeffersonville, Scottsburg, Seymour and other towns along the J. M. and L. railway. He returns from his trip feeling no weariness and in good health.

McVeagh at Fairfield.

FAIRFIELD, Ills., Oct. 15.—Hon. Franklin McVeagh, Democratic candidate for United States senator, addressed a large audience at the court house in this city. He spoke for over an hour, confining his remarks to the tariff question, which he declared to be the man issue of this campaign. He was followed by Hon. J. R. Williams, Democratic candidate for congress from the Twentieth Illinois district.

McKinley at Home Again.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 5.—Governor McKinley has returned to his own state, and he was given a welcome home that was entirely in keeping with the splendid receptions he has met abroad. He spoke at Paulding to a large audience, and after the meeting he was conveyed on a special train to Toledo, stopping en route at Defiance, Napoleon, and Liberty and making a short speech at each place.

Organized to Boom Stevenson.

PANA, Ills., Oct. 15.—A meeting of the Democrats was held in the Opera House here and the first Democratic campaign club of this county was organized. The club is styled the Stevenson Democratic club and numbers almost every Democrat in this section. The organization declared for Stevenson for president in 1896.

The Bryan-Thurston Debate.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 15.—All the details for the debate between John M. Thurston and W. J. Bryan this week are completed. Tomorrow night they meet at Lincoln and Thursday evening at Omaha.

Circulating Trumbull's Speech.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The Populist committee is printing and circulating as a campaign document the speech delivered by Judge Lyman Trumbull in Central Music hall at Chicago.

Reed and McKinley at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Ex-Speaker Reed will speak in this city Oct. 20 and Governor McKinley Oct. 20. Reed will also speak to the Hamilton club here Oct. 21.

Was the Death of Five Men.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Oct. 12.—The thirty-six boilers which run the Henry Clay, Big Mountain, Sterling and Peerless coal mines exploded, causing the worst damage that ever occurred in this region besides the loss of five lives—Thomas Carr, William Boyle, W. E. Slick, John McLaughlin and J. J. Dietz. Peter Hack is mortally wounded and four others were severely hurt. The loss of property is $30,000 and all the miners and other employes will lose at least a month's work.

Corbett Wants That Belt.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 15.—When Champion James J. Corbett saw the printed interview with Fitzsimmons he said he would agree to every change in the articles proposed by his opponent, except that the fight must be for the championship belt named in the articles. "It's a valuable belt," he said, "and I want it. This will be my last fight, win or lose."

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3@4½ per cent.; sterling exchange steady with actual business in bankers' bills 487½@487¾ for demand and 485½@485¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487½@488 and 488½. Commercial bills 483½@485¾.

Silver certificates, 63¼ bid; no sales; bar silver, 63¾. Mexican dollars, 51½.

United States bonds, 5's, regular, 111¾; do 5's coupons, 112¼; do 4's regular, 114½; do 4's coupons, 114½; do 2's, regular, 96 114½; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 50¾c, closed 49¾c; December, opened 53c, closed 52½c; May, opened 58¾c, closed 57¼c. Corn — October, opened 49c, closed 48½c; December, opened 47¾c, closed 47c; May, opened 49¾c, closed 48¾c. Oats—October, opened ——c, closed 27¾c; December, opened 29¼c, closed 29¾c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¼c. Pork — October, opened $——, closed $12.72½; January, opened $12.60, closed $12.52½. Lard—October, opened $7.65, closed $7.65.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12½@13c. Eggs—17c per doz, loss off. Live poultry —Chickens, 8@8½c per lb; ducks, 8@8½c; turkeys, 8@9c; geese, $6.00@7.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 58@64c per bu; Hebrons, 56@63c; Rose, 55@62c; early Ohio, 55@61c. Sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.00@1.25 per bbl. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@2.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $8.00@9.50 per bbl; $2.50@3.00 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 14@15½c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 9c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $3.30@4.80 pigs, $4.65@5.20 light, $4.55@4.75 rough packing, $4.65@5.25 mixed, and $4.80@5.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 24,000; quotations ranged at $5.60@6.15 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@5.55 good to choice do, $3.90@4.45 fair to good, $2.40@4.15 common to medium do, $3.15@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.95 stockers, $2.40@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.90 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.80@3.50 bulls, $2.30@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.40 western rangers, and $2.00@3.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 22,000; prices ranged at $1.50@3.25 western $1.50@2.80 Texans, $1.75@3.30 natives, and $2.00@4.15 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 15.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 53½c; No. 1 northern, 61c; May, 57c. Corn—No. 3 white, 52c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31¼c; No. 3 white, 30@31c. Barley—No. 2, 51½c; samples, 50¼@54½c. Rye—No. 1, 49¼c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15.

Wheat—Cash, 45c; October, 48c; December, 46¾c; May, 54¼c. Corn—Cash, 47½c; October, 47c; December, 44¾c; May, 43⅝c. Oats — Cash, 28½c; October, 28½c; May, 32c. Pork—Jobbing, $13.50. Lard—Steam, $7.55; choice, $5.65.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Oct. 11.

The American Debenture company, of Chicago, has gone to the wall and Elias Summerfield has been appointed receiver. The liabilities of the company are $1,500,000, which is secured by every available asset, amount thereof not stated.

George Parrish was killed, David S. Lloyd and Charles Giles (colored) fatally hurt and George Dobson, Thomas Pitts, Max King, David Powell; Moses Harrold, colored; W. H. Hughes, colored; Jack Paulson and Albert Jennings severely injured by an explosion of coal dust in the Oregon Improvement Co.'s mine at Newcastle, Wash.

A movement is on foot at Chicago to connect all the towns along the lake between Chicago and Milwaukee by telephone.

It is said the pope is preparing a special appeal to the clergy of the Anglican church on the subject of reunion between that and the Roman church.

A prisoner in India recently, on being released revenged himself on the assistant commissioner who had sentenced him by cutting off one-half of his mustache while he was sleeping out of doors on a hot night.

Friday, Oct. 12.

Frederick T. Day, president of the defunct Plankinton bank, of Milwaukee, has been held for trial in $10,000 for receiving deposits when he had good reason to know the bank was insolvent.

Oskaloosa, Ia., is stirred up over a double elopement—Perry Nichols and Carrie Motley and Opera Switzer and Allie Teas.

Jerremiah Olney, commissioner of the Connecticut state school fund, is charged with misappropriation and other irregular business methods.

A Swedish tailor named Swenson was killed and seven other persons severely hurt by jumping from the windows of a burning building at Boston.

Wick Henderson paid too much attention to the wife of Jeff Edwards, of Black Jack, Tex., and the men fought about it. Edwards was killed and Henderson fatally wounded.

Two children of John Deering were burned to death by a fire which destroyed his residence at Princeton, W. Va.

General Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, son of ex-Postmaster General Horatio King, has announced himself as a Democrat candidate for congress from the Second New York district.

Saturday, Oct. 13.

The Buffalo County National bank, Kearney, Neb., is the second bank to close its doors in twenty-four hours at that place.

Secretary Hoke Smith, after spending a month at his home in Georgia, is again at his desk in the interior department.

J. J. P. Odell, of Chicago, was elected president of the American Bankers' association.

Fire destroyed the bonded warehouse of Blair & Ballard near Lebanon, Ky. Over 1,000 barrels of whisky were burned.

General Manager Kendrick, of the Northern Pacific road, has advised all employes that they are to refrain from taking any active part in politics, and if any employes are nominated for office they must resign from the company's service.

Krupp, the great iron founder of Essen, Germany, is to supply Italy with 10,000,000 nickel coin.

Sunday, Oct. 14.

Representative Breckinridge has been suspended from communion by the Mount Horeb church at Paris, Ky., for about three months as a punishment for his sins. He had confessed and asked forgiveness of the church.

Incendiaries set fire to the buildings of the Fulton Trotting association, at Fulton, Ia. A barn was destroyed. J. D. Mulich was arrested on suspicion and another man got away after being fired on by the police.

J. A. R. Elliott has won the championship as a pigeon shooter by beating Dr. Carver another series of three matches. In these he killed 293 birds out of 300 and won two matches out of three.

The five-story building occupied by the Morse-Coe Shoe company at Omaha was damaged $80,000 by fire. Fully insured.

Fall River, Mass., weavers have resolved not to go to work at a 10 per cent. reduction.

An intoxicated Hungarian named Paloski, with two friends practically held the town of Maltby, Pa., in terror while they killed George Sivosky, fatally shot Lizzy Fosky and John Jenkins, and severe wounded Maggie and Thomas Moore—all young people. The shooting appears to have been purely wanton.

Tuesday, Oct. 16.

Affairs of the Commercial Travelers Home Association of America, the corner stone of which was laid last week, bid fair to be seriously disrupted over the fact that no city west of Cleveland, is represented in the management.

Obituary: At Mora, N. M., Henry H. Green, a classmate of General Grant at West Point, and who was stationed at Fort Dearborn before Chicago was begun.

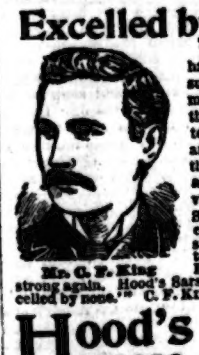
While doing a skirt dance at St. Louis Amelia Glover caught her foot in her voluminous drapery and badly sprained her ankle.

Two young farmers named Hosea L. Stone and Virgil Moon, living near Waco, Tex., became involved in a quarrel over a girl and fought a duel with knives. Moon was killed and Stone severely injured.

The first snow flurry of the season swept over Orange and Sullivan counties, New York. There was quite a heavy fall, also in Delaware and Chenando counties.

A report comes from Honolulu that ex-Queen Liliuokalani is insane.

Excelled by None



MR. C. F. KING

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'" C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XVI.

He was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet Mabel.

For a week the story of Gordon Noel's heroism was the talk of Queen City society. He had led the charge upon the Indians after a pursuit of over a hundred miles through the desert. He had fought his way to the cave in which these poor captive women were guarded, and had himself cut the thongs that bound them. He was painfully wounded, but never quit the fight till the last savage was driven from the field. For daring and brilliant conduct he was to be promoted over the heads of all the captains in his regiment. His name was already before the president for a vacancy in the adjutant general's department, and the appointment would be announced at once. He was coming east just as soon as the surgeon said he was well enough to travel. Mrs. Noel wanted to join him, but he had telegraped saying no, that he would soon be with her.

So rang the chorus for several days. At the club the men shook hands over the news and sent telegrams of praise and congratulation to Noel and drank his health in bumpers, and two or three old "soreheads," who ventured to point out that the official reports were not yet in, were pooh poohed and put down.

Amos Withers had left for Washington on a midnight train immediately after furnishing The Chronicle with the contents of his dispatch, making no allusion to that part of it which said, "Now push for that vacancy. Not an instant must be lost." Nobody could say nay to the man who had subscribed the heaviest sum to the campaign fund in his own state, and therefore both its senators and half its representatives in the house went with him to the president to urge the immediate nomination of Capt. Noel to the majority in the adjutant general's department made vacant by the promotion consequent upon the retirement of one of its oldest members. Already the war department had furnished the executive with the names and records of the four men whom it considered the most deserving, and Gordon Noel's name was not one of the four. But what was that in comparison with the eminent pecuniary and political services of Mr. Withers, when the nephew had just behaved so superbly in action?

Meantime, the Apaches had scattered through the mountains, and escaped across the border, the remnant of Lane's troop taking part in the pursuit, and they, with their commander, only slowly returning to the railway. For three or four days Noel had the wires and the correspondents pretty much to himself; but then some of those enterprising news gathers had been getting particulars from the men, and there were two or three of K troop in the detachment who could not conceal their derision and contempt when the newspaper men spoke of the bravery of their captain. This set the correspondents to ferreting, and then the dispatches began to take a different color. The very day that Mabel received her first letter from her husband, and was reading extracts from it to envious friends who had come in to swell the chorus of jubilee and congratulation, an evening paper intimated that recent dispatches received from the seat of war revealed a different state of affairs than was popularly supposed.

But by this time interest was waning. It is the first impression that is always the strongest, the first story that is longest remembered, and no man who has believed one version will accept the truth without vigorous resistance. In his letter to his wife Noel had spoken modestly of himself and slightly of his wounds. This only made her worship him—her hero, her gallant Gordon—the more insanely. He intimated that he had been compelled to place in arrest one of the most prominent officers of the regiment for misconduct in the face of the enemy; and this and previous matters, he said, would surely make of this officer an unrelenting foe. She need not be surprised, therefore, if this gentleman should strive to do him grievous harm. Mabel blushed becomingly as she read these lines to some of her friends, and that night at the club it was hinted that Lane had been placed in close arrest for failing to support Noel in his desperate assault. Just at this time, too, Mr. Withers came back from Washington looking mysterious

The next published dispatches were from the general himself. He was incensed over the escape of the Apaches. Measures for the capture were complete, and it was broadly hinted that a certain officer would be brought to trial for his failure to carry out positive orders.

"It is believed," said The Chronicle, "that the officer referred to is well known in our community, as he had, oddly enough, been a predecessor in the recruiting service of the actual hero of the campaign."

Two weeks went by. There was no announcement of Noel's name as promoted. Other matters occupied the attention of the club and the coteries, and no one knew just what it all meant when it was announced that Mrs. Noel had suddenly left for the frontier to join her husband. Perhaps his wounds were more severe than at first reported. Then it was noticed that Mr. Withers was in a very nervous and irritable frame of mind, that constant dispatches were passing between him and Capt. Noel in the west, and that suddenly he departed again on some mysterious errand for Washington. And then it was announced that Capt. Noel would not be able to visit the east as had been expected.

All the same it came as a shock which completely devastated the social circles of the Queen City when it was announced in the New York and Chicago papers that a general court martial had been ordered to assemble at Fort Gregg, New Mexico, for the trial of Capt. Gordon Noel, Eleventh cavalry, on charges of misbehavior in the face of the enemy and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The Chronicle made no allusion to the matter until after it was heralded over the city by the other journals. Then it announced that it was in possession of information showing conclusively that Capt. Noel was the victim of the envy of certain officers in his regiment, and that the charges had been trumped up from the false and prejudiced statement of the man whom he had been compelled to place in arrest for misconduct in action. "Capt. Noel had demanded a court martial," said The Chronicle, "that he might be triumphantly vindicated, as he undoubtedly would be."

At the club several men surrounded Lieut. Bowen with eager inquiry as to the facts in the case. Bowen, who was now in charge of the rendezvous as Noel's successor, was very reticent when interrogated. He said that while an officer might demand a court of inquiry he could not demand a court martial; they were entirely different things; and it was certainly the latter that had been ordered.

"Was there not some likelihood of malice and envy being at the bottom of the charges?" he was asked. "And was it not unfair to let him be tried by officers prejudiced against him?"

Bowen said he did not belong to the Eleventh, but he knew it well enough to say no to the first part of the question. As to the other, there were only two officers from that regiment on the court, and one was Noel's old friend and colonel—Riggs.

It was in the midst of this talk that Mr. Amos Withers had suddenly appeared and begged a few words in private with Mr. Bowen.

Withers was in a state of nervous excitement, as any one could see. He talked eagerly, even pleadingly, with the silent lieutenant, and at last suddenly arose, and, with the look of a defeated and discomfited man, left the club house, entered his carriage and was driven rapidly away.

That night an officer from the war department arrived in the Queen City and was closeted for a while with Lieut. Bowen, after which the two went to the chief of police, and in company with him visited the cell where Taintor, deserter and forger, was confined, took his statement and that of the chief, and with these documents the officer went on to division headquarters.

Meantime, the campaign had come to an end. Capt. Noel had reported, in arrest, to the commanding officer at Fort Gregg, and Mrs. Riggs had tearfully greeted him: "She would so love to have him under her roof, that she might show her sympathy and friendship; but so many officers of high rank were coming on the court that the colonel was compelled to give every bit of room he had to them." Noel thanked her nervously, and said he could be comfortable anywhere, but his wife was coming; she had telegraphed that she could not be separated from him when he was suffering wrong and outrage. Capt. and Mrs. Lowndes, moved to instant sympathy, begged that he would make their quarters his home, and placed their best room at his disposal.

Two evenings afterwards he was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet poor Mabel, who threw herself into his arms and almost sobbed her heart out at sight of his now haggard and careworn face. Mrs. Lowndes then came forward and strove to comfort her, while Noel rushed off to send some telegrams. Then they drove out to the post, and Mabel's spirits partially revived when she found that it was not a prison she had come to share with her husband. Everybody was so gentle and kind to her; she began to believe there was nothing very serious in the matter after all.

It lacked yet five days to the meeting of the court, and in the intervening time there arrived at the post a prominent and distinguished lawyer from the east, sent to conduct the defense by Mr. Withers' orders; and many a long talk did he hold with his client and the officers who were gathering at Gregg.

The charges of misconduct in face of the enemy had been preferred by the department commander, who cited as his witnesses Capt. Lane, Lieut. Mason, Lieut. Royce, the guide and two or three non-commissioned officers. To the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" there were specifications setting forth that he had caused to be circulated and published reports to the effect that it was his command that had been severely engaged, and his command that had rescued the captives and defeated the Indians, which statements he well knew to be false. Two or three correspondents and railway employes and the telegraph operator were witnesses. This would be a hard one to prove affirmatively, as the judge advocate found when he examined his witnesses as they arrived, and the great lawyer assured the accused officer that he could secure him an acquittal on that charge. The real danger lay in the testimony of Capt. Lane and Lieut. Mason, who had not yet come.

And now, hour after hour, for two days, Mabel was reading in her husband's face the utter hopelessness that possessed him; nay, more, the truth was being revealed to her in all its damning details. It might be impossible for the prosecution to prove that he had actually caused the false and boastful stories to be given to the press and the public; but how about the telegrams and letters Mr. Withers had so proudly come to show her? How about the telegrams and letters she herself had received? What impression could she derive from them but that he was the hero of the whole affair, and that he was lying painfully wounded when he wrote? The gash through the beautiful white arm turned out to be a mere scratch upon the skin, that a pin might have made. It was Greene's command from Fort Graham that had rescued Lane, and Lane with his men who had rescued the captives, and then fought so hard, so desperately, against such fearful odds, and sustained their greatest losses while her hero—her Gordon—with nearly fifty men, was held only a mile away by half a dozen ragamuffins in the rocks. She had almost adored him, believing him godlike in courage and magnanimity; but now on every side the real facts were coming to light, and she even wrung them from his reluctant lips. And yet—and yet—he was her husband, and she loved him.

Again and again did she question Mr. Falconer, the eminent counsel, as to the possibilities. This gentleman had fought all through the war of the rebellion, and had won high commendation for bravery. He had taken the case because he believed, on Withers' statement, that Noel was a wronged and injured man, and because, possibly, a fee of phenomenal proportion could be looked for. He met among the old captains of the Eleventh men whom he had known in Virginia in the war days, and learned from them what Noel's real reputation was, and, beyond peradventure, how he had shirked and played the coward in the last campaign; so that he, who had known Mabel Vincent from her babyhood and loved her old father, now shrank from the sorrow of having to tell her the truth. Yet she demanded it, and he had to say that her husband's fate hinged on the evidence that might be given by Capt. Lane and Mr. Mason.

That very night these two officers arrived, together with three members of the court. The following day at 10 o'clock the court was to begin its session, and four of its members were still to come. That night Mr. Falconer and Noel were closeted with several men in succession, seeking evidence for the defense. That night there came a dispatch from Withers saying he had done his best in Washington, but that it seemed improbable that the president would interfere and accept Noel's resignation from the service.

Noel showed this to Mabel and sank upon the sofa with a groan of despair.

"Oh, my darling!" she whispered, kneeling by his side and throwing her arms about his neck, "don't give way! There must be hope yet! They cannot prove such cruel charges! There must be a way of averting this trouble."

"There is one," said he, starting up. "There is one, if you will only do it to save me."

"What would I not do to save you, Gordon?" she asked, though her face was paling now with awful dread of what the demand might be.

"Mabel, my wife, it is to see—him at once. There is nothing that he will not do for you. I know it—for I know what he has done. See him. You know what to say. I cannot prompt you. But get him to tell as little as he possibly can in regard to this case."

"Gordon!" she cried, "you ask me to do this after the great wrong I did him?"

"There is no other way," was the sullen answer. And he turned moodily from her side, leaving her stunned, speechless.

CHAPTER XVII.

Somehow, about 10 o'clock that night the judge advocate of the court dropped in at the "bachelor quarters," where both Lane and Mason had been made welcome, and asked to see these gentlemen. He was conversing with them over the affair at the San Simon when Capt. Lowndes was ushered into the room.

"Am I intruding?" asked the latter. "I merely wished to speak to Lane a moment."

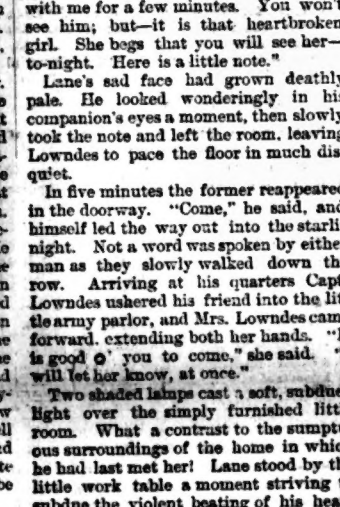
"By no means, Lowndes. Come right in. We'll be through in one minute. Then, as I understand you, Lane, you could distinctly see K troop as it forded the stream, and could see the Apaches who fired upon them?"

"Yes—distinctly. I was praying for their coming, as our ammunition was running low. The Indians seemed so encouraged by the ease with which they drove them back that the whole band swarmed out from cover and crowded on us at once. It was in the next fifteen minutes that my men were killed—and that poor woman."

"And there were only six Indians who opened fire on Noel?"

"Only six, sir."

The judge advocate was silent a moment. "There is, of course, a chance that our absentees may get here to-morrow morning in time. If they do you will be the first witness called; if they do not we adjourn to await their arrival. It promises to be a long case. A telegram has just reached me, saying that additional and grave charges are being sent by mail from division headquarters."



"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

Capt. Lowndes listened to this brief conversation with an expression of deep perplexity on his kindly face, and as soon as the judge advocate had gone and Mason had left the room he turned to Lane:

"You know they are staying with us. That poor girl has come all this weary journey to be with him, and there was absolutely no place where she could lay her head unless we opened our doors and took him in too."

Lane bowed assent: "I had heard, Lowndes. It was like you and that dear wife of yours."

"Lane," spoke the older man, impetuously, after a moment of embarrassed silence, "I want you to do something for my wife, and for me. Come home with me for a few minutes. You won't see him; but—it is that heartbroken girl. She begs that you will see her—to-night. Here is a little note."

Lane's sad face had grown deathly pale. He looked wonderingly in his companion's eyes a moment, then slowly took the note and left the room, leaving Lowndes to pace the floor in much disquiet.

In five minutes the former reappeared in the doorway. "Come," he said, and himself led the way out into the starlit night. Not a word was spoken by either man as they slowly walked down the row. Arriving at his quarters Capt. Lowndes ushered his friend into the little army parlor, and Mrs. Lowndes came forward, extending both her hands. "It is good o' you to come," she said. "I will let her know, at once."

Two shaded lamps cast a soft, subdued light over the simply furnished little room. What a contrast to the sumptuous surroundings of the home in which he had last met her! Lane stood by the little work table a moment striving to subdue the violent beating of his heart and the tremors that shook his frame. Not once had he seen her since that wretched night in the library—in that man Noel's arms. Not once had he permitted the thought of seeing her to find a lodgment. But all was different now; she was well nigh crushed, heart broken; she had been deceived and tricked; she was here practically friendless. "I well know that at your hands I deserve no such mercy," she had written, "but a hopeless woman begs that you will come to her for a few moments—for a very few words."

And now he heard her footfall on the stairs. She entered slowly and then stopped short almost at the threshold. Heavens! how he had aged and changed! How deep were the lines about the kind gray eyes! how sad and worn was the stern, soldierly face! Her eyes filled with tears on the very instant, and she hovered there irresolute, not knowing what to do, how to address him. It was Lane that came to the rescue. For a moment he stood there appalled as his eyes fell upon the woman whom he had so utterly—so faithfully loved. Where was all the playful light that so thrilled and bewitched him as it flickered about the corners of her pretty mouth? Whither had fled the bright coloring, the radiance, the gladness that lived in that exquisite face? Was this heavy eyed, pallid, nerveless being, standing with hanging head before him, the peerless queen he had so loyally and devotedly served—whose faintest wish was to him a royal mandate—to kiss whose soft white hand was a joy unutterable? All this flashed through his mind in the instant of her irresolute pause. Then the great pity of a strong and manful heart, the tenderness that lives ever in the bravest, sent him forward to her side. All thought of self and suffering, of treachery and concealment and deception, vanished at once at the sight of her bitter woe. His own brave eyes filled up with tears he would gladly have hidden, but that she saw and was comforted. He took her limp, nerveless hand and led her to a chair, saying only her name—"Mrs. Noel."

For several minutes she could not speak, but wept unrestrainedly, he, poor fellow, walking the floor the while, longing to comfort her, yet powerless. What could he say? What could he do? At last she seemed to regain her self-control.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "it is useless for me to tell you how much I have learned since coming here, of which I was ignorant before. Every effort has been made to spare me; people have been so considerate and kind that the truth, as I am beginning to see, has been kept from me. Mr. Falconer, Capt. Noel's—our lawyer, has at last admitted that almost everything depends upon your evidence. Forgive me, if you can, that I believed for a while that you inspired the charges against him. I know now that you refused to press the matter, and that—that I am not to blame any one. In his deep misfortune my duty is with my husband, and he—consented that I should see you. Capt. Lane," she said, rising as she spoke, "do not try to spare my feelings now. I am prepared for anything—ready to share his downfall. If you are asked as to the contents of the note you sent him before the fight, must you tell what they were? Do you recall them?"

"I must, Mrs. Noel. I remember almost the exact words," he replied, gently, sorrowfully.

"But that is all, is it not? You know nothing more about the delay in reaching you?" And her eyes, piteous in entreaty, in shame, in suffering, sought one instant his sad face, then fell before the sorrow and sympathy in his.

For a moment there was no answer, and at last she looked up, alarmed.

"Mrs. Noel," he said, "I could not help it. I was eagerly awaiting their coming. I saw them approach the ford and the pass. I saw that there were only six Apaches to resist them, and the next thing I saw was the retreat."

"Oh, Capt. Lane!" she cried, "must you testify as to this?" And her trembling hands were clasped in misery. "Is there no way—no way?"

"Even if there were," he answered, slowly and mournfully, "Mr. Mason's testimony and that of the men would be still more conclusive."

Throwing herself upon the sofa, the poor girl gave way to a fit of uncontrollable weeping; and Lane stood helplessly, miserably by. Once he strove to speak, but she could not listen. He brought her a glass of water presently and begged her to drink it; there was still something he had to suggest. She took the goblet from his hand and looked up eagerly through her tears. He was thinking only of her—for her—now. The man who had robbed him of happiness, of love, of wife and home and hope, and who had done the utmost that he dared to rob him of honor and his soldier reputation—the man now wretchedly listening overhead to the murmur of voices below—he forgot entirely except as the man she loved.

"Mrs. Noel, your friends—his friends—are most influential. Can they not be telegraphed to that his resignation will be tendered? Can they not stop the trial in that way?"

"It is hopeless. It has been tried, and refused. If he is found guilty there is nothing left—nothing left," she moaned, "but to take him back to the east with me, and, with the little we have now, to buy some quiet home in the country, where our wretched past need not be known—where we can be forgotten—where my poor husband need not have to hang his head in shame. Oh, God! oh, God! what a ruined life!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Mrs. Noel? Listen; that court cannot begin the—the case to-morrow. Four members are still to come. It may be two days yet—perhaps three. Perhaps Mr. Withers and his friends do not appreciate the danger and have not brought pressure to bear on the president; but—forgive me for the pain this must give you—there are other, new charges coming from division headquarters, that I fear will harm him still more. I grieve to have to tell you this. Try and make Mr. Withers understand. Try and get the resignation through. If you will see Mr. Falconer and—said the captain now, I can get the telegraph operator."

"What charges—what new accusations do you mean?" she asked, her eyes dilating with dread. "Are we not crushed enough already? Oh, forgive me, Capt. Lane! I ought not to speak bitterly, you—you have been so good, so gentle. You, the last man on earth from whom I should seek mercy," she broke forth impetuously; "you are yet the one to whom I first appeal. Oh, if after this night I never see you again, believe that I suffer, that I realize the wrong I have done. I was never worthy the faintest atom of your regard; but there's one thing—one thing you must hear. I wrote you fully, frankly, imploringly, before—before you came—and saw. Indeed, indeed I had waited days for your reply, refusing to see him until after papa died, and then I was weak and ill. You never read the letter. You sent them all back unopened. I cannot look in your face. It may have been hard for a while, but the time will soon come when you will thank God—thank God—I proved faithless."

And then, leaving him to make his own way from the house, she rushed sobbing to her room. When next he saw her Reginald, her brother, with Lowndes and his tearful wife, was lifting her into the ambulance that was to take them to the railway, and the doctor rode away beside them. But this was ten days after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Early London Directories.

The earliest known directory of people and places seems to be that of London in 1677, of which only three copies are known—one in the Bodleian library, one in the Manchester Free library (which was bought for £5) and one sold at the Rev. Mr. Hunter's sale, which realized £9, although imperfect. The Manchester copy was carefully reprinted in 1878 by Chatto & Windus, with an interesting introduction, and the next London directory seems to have been one of 300 pages, published in 1732.

The editor of the reprint in 1878 gives some details of earlier manuscript directories, or "Office of Addresses," by Henry Robinson, in 1650, who had an "office in Threadneedle street, over against the Castle tavern, close to the Old Exchange in London," and it was described as "keeping particular registers of all manners of addresses," with a "catalogue of subjects of inquiry" so copious and so curious as to be a fresh proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Sixpence was the fee, and for this small sum answers to all sorts of questions connected with business could be obtained.—Notes and Queries.

MAN MAY YET FLY.

Wonderful Birdlike Machine Constructed by Professor Lilienthal.

Can a man fly? Learned professors of the sciences of aeronautics agree that he cannot, and a formidable commission of experts appointed by the German government to investigate into the possibilities of aerial navigation have finally and decisively and officially said that it is impossible. Still an ingenious and observant German of the name of Otto Lilienthal, after a long series of experiments and in the face of the decisions of the eminent scientists, has succeeded in proving that a clever man can fly, and fly for considerable distances too.

Professor Lilienthal, like most men who have solved difficult problems, has gone clear away from the principles to which other men have found limitations. When he decided to fly, in other words, he left the possibilities afforded by the balloon entirely out of his calculations. Balloons, said he, are crude affairs, dangerous, not to be depended upon, nondirigible and clumsy. There is nothing in nature built upon the principle of the balloon, yet there are things in nature which can fly, and fly much better than the best balloons. Those things are birds. To the birds, then, I will go for the model of my flying machine. And to the birds he went.

From these same birds it was that Professor Lilienthal learned the true principles of aerial navigation, which principles he has succeeded to a degree in adapting to the uses of man. He first learned that it is the concave shape of a bird's wing that enables it to soar, rising or falling at will without muscular exertion in the teeth of a high wind. Then he learned that a bird's wing bones are constructed similarly to those in a man's arm. Knowing these things, he built his flying machine, or, to be more correct, his soaring machine. He made for himself of light but impervious cotton cloth and split willow wands two immense wings 23 feet from tip to tip, and a practicable if not highly ornamental rudder or tail.

He preserved in their construction as nearly as possible the form of a bird's wings and tail, increasing the parabolic curve of the bird's wings to the exact proportionate degree for his larger ones. These wings and the tail, weighing in all only 25 pounds, are so constructed as to fold up like the wings of a bat. Having completed them, the professor adjusted them to his arms, took a run along a hilltop and calmly and confidently jumped over the side, spreading his wings as he did so. He soared some distance and alighted in safety and comfort. He repeated his experiment many, many times, learning how to control his apparatus, how to change direction, how to rise or descend at will. He improved his wings and tail and kept on practicing until now he can soar for several hundred yards, rise to a much greater height than he started from and fulfill most of the functions of a big bird, save only that of propelling himself in still air and starting his flight from level ground. These two things a man is not strong enough to do, the bird possessing much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man. But what Professor Lilienthal lacks in strength he has made up in ingenuity, for he has now constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two horsepower, or more than enough energy to work the wings. Indeed in the first trial the little motor developed too much strength and broke the wings, putting a stop to further experiments for the time.

If Professor Lilienthal succeeds in perfecting the great invention, the practicability of which he has already demonstrated, and in making aerial navigation on the simple principles favored by the birds safe for mankind, he will have achieved a notable triumph over the wonderful forces of nature as well as the world's greatest scientists. And he seems very likely to succeed, unless he should grow careless in handling his experimental wings and perchance fall victim to the awful fate which overtook the lamented and legendary Icarus, the first man who attempted to fly.—Chicago Times.

THE BALLOON CYCLE.

The Latest French Army Means of Carrying War Dispatches.

There floated over the hamlet of Villeneuve la Garenne the other afternoon in midair a balloon. Suddenly it appeared to burst and fell rapidly toward the earth. Fearing that a disaster had occurred, the terrified folk ran to the spot at which they expected the aerostat would reach the ground, when to their amazement they saw a parachute detach itself from the car and descend gently. Immediately the earth was touched one of the passengers jumped upon a small bicycle which he had brought with him from the aerial regions, and he disappeared in the direction of Levallois, in the neighborhood of Paris, as rapidly as the machine could carry him.

The explanation of this singular occurrence is simple. The balloon was the Caliban, and the ascent was made from Levallois by Captain Capazza and M. Hervieu, the latter being the cyclist. Their object was to test the possibility of a balloon being used for carrying war dispatches, and they assumed that an enemy succeeded in destroying it. Yet they proved that by means of the parachute they would be able to make good their escape and to outdistance their pursuers with the aid of the portable bicycle.—London Telegraph.

Boat Propelled by a Turbine Wheel.

Several trials have been made on the Elbe with a boat propelled not by the ordinary screw, which replaced the paddle wheel, but by means of a turbine wheel. The inventor, Herr Zenner, states that a much greater speed can be obtained than with the screw, because the friction is much less. Three boats have already been constructed on this pattern.—Westminster Gazette.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Nat C. Goodwin.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. Felix Morris.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Joseph Jefferson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co. "The Passing Show."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Hanlon's New "Superba."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Wild Duck."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Tennessee's Pardner."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MR. EGAN WARNS THE REPUBLICANS

The stand taken by the Hon. Richard C. Kerens, member of the Republican National Committee from Missouri, against the A.P.A. in politics has been vigorously seconded by the Hon. Patrick Egan, ex-United States minister to Chili, in a letter addressed to the Hon. Joseph H. Manley, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and published in the New York *Times* of recent date. Mr. Kerens, it will be remembered, urged upon the Republicans of Missouri the wisdom of condemning the anti-Catholic society at their State convention, but the matter was smothered in committee. Subsequently at the New York State convention, seconded by Mr. Egan and other Irish-Americans of Republican proclivities, a similar attempt was made, and with a like result, greatly to the disappointment of those who hoped a bolder and more liberal policy from the party that declared color no bar to office, and that should be the first to place creed in the same position.

Mr. Egan, in his letter to Mr. Manley, has sounded a note of warning, which it will be well for the National Republican Committee to take heed of. In some of the States, matters have come to such a pass that no Irish-American who respects the right of his fellow-countrymen to worship according to the dictates of conscience, can actively identify himself with the Republican party, although everybody of sense knows that the A.P.A. spirit and membership are not confined exclusively to that body. Ex-Congressman Tarsney, a Democrat, denounced only a few days ago the Democratic candidate for governor of Michigan as a member of the A.P.A., and, no doubt, he will have to be withdrawn. But, in most of the States that have held conventions, the Democrats have been keen enough to declare for freedom of conscience, while, except in a few States, the Republicans have insanely, as it seems to us, neglected, or refused, to do so. Such a trimming policy is entirely unworthy the traditions, teachings and achievements of the great Republican party, which has hitherto justly borne the title of the Party of Progress in this country.

Anti-A.P.A. feeling is running high particularly in the State of New York, and David B. Hill is making his fight for the governorship on that issue quite as much as any other. New York State probably contains more Irishmen, or men of Irish descent, who vote the Republican ticket habitually than all the other States of the Union together. They have been faithful to their principles through sunshine and storm, mainly on the Protective issue, but we much fear their allegiance will be greatly shaken by the shallow, cowardly policy pursued by the Republican State Convention. In fact we have received several private letters from Irishmen in New York, who have faithfully worked with the Republicans since Blaine's candidacy, in which they say they will stay away from the polls rather than vote for the Republican candidates, not because they personally object to Levi P. Morton and most of his associates on the ticket, but because they will not directly, or indirectly, indorse the unworthy policy pursued by the State Convention in regard to the rights and privileges of Catholic citizens. These men will not vote the Democratic ticket, as a rule, because they are firm Protectionists, but their absence from the polls on election day will have a very bad influence, when every vote is needed, and may lead to the defeat of the Republican State ticket In that event, nothing can prevent Hill from being the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1896, and the Republicans, in such an event, may have all they can do to hold their own before the country. In any case, they cannot afford to take chances, and they should heed the voice of wisdom coming from Messrs. Kerens and Egan, before it is too late.

CANDIDATES' PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE CITIZEN presents to its readers this week the portraits and biographical sketches of some of the leading county and congressional candidates without distinction of party. It is well that the people should know something of the men they are called upon to vote for, and, as THE CITIZEN is an independent paper, uncontrolled by any political organization, it has the privilege of doing justice to all without making any editorial recommendation. One thing will be admitted by all our readers, the candidates, so far as presented, are good looking gentlemen, and will do no disgrace physically or morally to their constituents. Other portraits and biographies will be presented in subsequent issues.

A LEADING HEBREW DENOUNCES THE A.P.A.

Jewish sentiment in Philadelphia vigorously denounces the A.P.A. organization. At a recent meeting of Zion Lodge, No. 38, of the Independent Order of Fee Sons of Israel, held in the Quaker city, Mr. Julius Harburger, grand master of the Order, said:

"Our creed had suffered in every habitable part of the globe until our people found a home on American soil, where we worshipped God under the dictates of our own consciences, as guaranteed to us by the great American Constitution. We have become among the Republic's best citizens, and have worked harmoniously and in unison with all other nationalities, knowing that under our free and liberal republic the rights of all denominations are respected. Within a few years past an un-American, bigoted, fanatic, illiberal, organization has been formed to foment strife and discontent among the people of the land, and in some States this so-called American Protective Association has taken deep root. In our State it has appeared menacing the peaceful relationship of citizens and bringing about the old Knownothing spirit, which was inimical to the interests of our people. Denouncing the Roman Catholic religion because of its supposed strength is ridiculous. The Romon Catholic religion entered the United States before all others. Still, Protestantism flourished. The Roman Catholics grew with the country, maintained and assisted in its great name and fame, built hospitals and charitable institutions. It is humane in its spirit and liberal in its donations, is public spirited and has on the roster of the republic names which are enshrined as among our country's greatest patriots.

"This A. P. A., which is oathbound, parades as one of its doctrines, as part of a prescribed oath, that 'I will not countenance the nomination in any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholic.' This strikes at the very foundation of our government and of our Constitution. The leading men of other creeds, non-Catholics, should be brave and fearless, and at gatherings ought to express their abhorrence of such pernicious doctrines.

"This institution cannot live. It is begotten in bigotry. It inflames the passions of the unthinking to do unworthy acts. It violates every American tenet and is subversive of the best interests of the Union. If such an association were successful, what would hinder it from bringing the prejudices of other climes toward our American Israelites and raising the anti-Semitic cry on American soil? One religion is as good as another. All are equal under the ægis of our great land. If the Roman Catholics are successful in the various cities of our States they are entitled to the same, as we must respect the majority, whenever and wherever it is. This A.P.A. can only thrive for the time being. It will disintegrate. It must go. Every half century these organizations are revived. They only breathe. Their discordant sounds are heard like the braying of asses, then grow fainter and die away.

"Their distemper having spread, and their virus having been inoculated, they have lived a little longer thon is usually allotted to their share. But the readiness of our American people to sustain only organizations of true merit will, as usual, assert itself, and this butterfly institution will change its color and name, and become a nonentity in the American fraternity of men."

There is a brave, manly ring in the words of Mr. Harburger, and they should bring gratification to Irish Catholics and people of the Catholic faith in general. It is evident Mr. Harburger does not forget the liberal stand taken by the Irish and Catholic press of this country, and of the Old World, when the Russian government issued its infamous edict of expulsion against the Jews. It is pleasant to find leading minds of the two oldest creeds of mankind joining issue with the bigots who would seek to override in this country the Constitution and the laws. In some parts of America, the persecution of Catholics at the present time amounts to proscription, and noticeably so in Denver, Col., where a regular Knownothing boycott exists against them. They are assailed socially, politically and in the business of every-day life. This is a blot on the fair fame of America. Only here and in Russia is religious persecution found rampant today—in the country that boasts most of civilization, and in the country which, among Christian nations, has least of it. The members of the alleged American Protective Association ought to emigrate to Russia. In that country they will find a congenial moral atmosphere.

MR. BOURKE COCKRAN'S SOPHISTRY.

Mr. Bourke Cockran, the quondam Tammany Demosthenes, may be crushed flat by Boss Croker's "sit down on him" process; he may be suffering from chronic laryngitis; he may also have a slight attack of enlarged cranium, but, at least, he can still stand up and hurrah for Dave Hill. Mr. Cockran has been a professor in a college, we believe, and, like most of his class, he is considerable of a doctrinaire. He has no scruple about twisting around existing conditions to suit the expediency of his Free Trade claequers. Mr. Bourke Cockran is a word smith, and what he says must always be taken with great allowance for his rhetoric. At the joint mass-meeting of the Hill and Cleveland factions held at Bleecker Hall, in New York, Monday evening, Mr. Cockran said:

"Two years ago I had the honor to open the campaign which resulted in the election of Grover Cleveland. To-night I stand ready to give an account of the manner in which the administration of Grover Cleveland has discharged its stewardship. I believe Americans cannot be deceived; that they can discern between right and wrong; between a system of legislation which is for the good of the common people and of that which degrades them. The Democratic party is responsible for two years of government, not for twenty years of misgovernment; if the bad times which have overtaken us be the outcome of these years of Republican misrule, I believe the people will be able to trace the evil to its source. The Democratic party has been bending for two years over the prostrate form of American industry. The party led by my friend Reed tells you otherwise, but will the people believe him or them? No, their common sense tells them better. We are a nation with fields as fertile and mines as rich as they were thirty years ago, yet our mills are stopped, our factories closed. Why these hard times? If they came not from God they came from man. Why, my dear friends, this panic could not be caused by any legislation which could be enacted in one or two years. No; the legislation which caused this was the outgrowth of twenty years' rule of the republican party."

Mr. Cockran forgot to say why the American mills stopped two years ago—just when the man the same Mr. Cockran assailed in bitter terms before nomination and afterward brazenly supported, was elected president of the United States. Why did not the mills stop running in Cleveland's first term? Because a Republican Protection senate stood in the way of the Free Trade president and house and blocked their policy. Why did not the mills stop running in Benjamin Harrison's term? Because manufacturers felt secure in his position as a Protectionist, and could afford to run full time and pay their employes living wages. Why did the mills begin to close down when president, senate and house all became Democratic in '92-3? Because the manufacturers knew that all barriers were broken down, and that a deadly assault would be made immediately on the industries of the country by the Democratic Free Trade conspirators, of whom Mr. Bourke Cockran, an Irishman with a fine old Celtic name, absurdly misshapen, is one. He was reproached by Gen. Henderson, of Iowa, in the house of representatives, for supporting a policy that ruined his native country, and we are not aware that he successfully parried the stroke. Mr. Cockran may be a Demosthenes, but he is certainly a Demagogue.

A WORTHY WOMAN WRONGED.

Mrs. Ellen O'Rorke, sister of the late Major William Horgan, of the Eighty-eighth Regiment New York Volunteers (Meagher's Irish Brigade), appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department by Treasuser Spinner, in 1869, on the recommendation of the Irish Brigade Association, has been discharged from her position by order of Secretary Carlisle. Her numerous friends are bringing pressure to bear on the Secretary to have Mrs. O'Rorke reinstated, as she has been a good and faithful public servant, and also because she is in poor circumstances. It is to be hoped they will succeed in their laudable efforts. The Secretary, whatever may be his other faults, is not severe to women. He would do a most gracious act by reinstating Mrs. O'Rorke.

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

The numerous friends and admirers of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea—the famous war correspondent and litterateur—throughout the world will be grieved at the intelligence that a great bereavement has come upon him in the death of his devoted and accomplished wife, who passed away at her residence in London, England, during the last week of September. She leaves one daughter who is now her father's consoler in his irreparable loss, and who inherits the amiability of her lamented mother as well as the literary ability of her distinguished father. THE CITIZEN extends to Mr. and Miss O'Shea its profoundest sympathy.

THE attendance at the meeting to organize an Irish-American Lyceum, held at McCoy's Hotel last Monday evening, was large and enthusiastic. Mr. William Dillon, in the absence of President Holden, took the chair, and the constitution and by-laws, to govern the Lyceum, were adopted. The first regular meeting of the Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on Monday evening, Nov. 12.

AT a riot over an attempted lynching at Fayette county, Ohio, courthouse, on Wednesday, three citizens were killed and over a dozen wounded by the State militia.

THE Knights of St. Patrick will hold their twentieth annual reception on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, at the West Chicago Club rooms, Throop street near Adams. Extensive preparations have been made for the coming event, and it is expected that the occasion will be one of the most emjoyable in the records of the Knights. The Seventh Regiment Band will furnish the music.

MR. JOHN JOSEPH GALLERY and Miss Mary Estella Donoghue, daughter of Mr. M. F. Donoghue, will be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony at the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Wednesday morning, Oct. 24, at 10:30 o'clock. The prospective bridegroom is the son of Mr. Daniel J. Gallery, of LaSalle avenue, and is prominent in social and business circles.

THE great bazaar in aid of the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who recently lost everything they possessed by fire, will begin in Montreal, Canada, on Nov. 12. Contributions are asked for the American Table, and all such should be sent to the Congregation of Notre Dame Convent, St. John Baptiste street, Montreal, Canada.

THE Green Isle Club, a social body of young Irish-Americans, recently organized in Englewood, has already a large membership, and will give its second entertainment at Columbus Hall, Wentworth avenue and Forty-sixth street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 27.

EDWARD BLAKE, M.P., has been speaking in New York for the McCarthyite election fund. He met with indifferent success. It is reparted that a crank tried to blow him up while he way speaking at the Lyceum. We believe the statement to be untrue. Probably a practical joke was perpetrated to try Mr. Blake's nerve.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The distinguished actor, Mr. Felix Morris, with a company of splendidly trained players, commences an engagement at the Schiller Theatre next Monday evening, presenting for the first time in Chicago the specially strong attraction he has secured for the present season, Ralph Lumley's three-act comedy, "The Best Man." This new comedy is farcical in nature and is a play which has been one of the great successes of the current season in England. It made a big hit in London, having proven the strongest drawing card in the repertory of that celebrated comedian, Mr. John L. Toole. The company supporting Mr. Morris in "The Best Man" is a most admirable one, consisting of ladies and gentlemen who have appeared with distinction in the leading dramatic organizations of the country.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter and Kyrle Bellew, with a superb dramatic company, will produce the latest great success, "Charlotte Corday," at the Schiller following the Felix Morris engagement.

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

The newly-elected officers of the Union Catholic Library Association were installed Friday evening, the following programme being given: Address, President Marcus Kavanagh; Piano, "Valse de Concert," Mr. Earl L. Sykes; Scene from Henry VIII., Miss Ethel Powers; Song, "Daddy," Miss Annie Schick; Violin, "Traumerei," Mr. W. L. Duncan; Tenor solo, "The Holy City," Mr. E. James Finney; Harp, "The Minstrel Boy," Miss Alice Smith; Reading "The Uncle," Mr. John Lane O'Connor; Piano Duo, "Chasse Infernale," Misses May E. and Alice Smith.

The Editor's Goose-Eggs.

A child is born. The doctor in attendance gets $10 to $25; the editor notes it and gets 0; it is christened and the minister gets $4, the editor writes it up and gets 00; it marries, the minister gets another fee, the editor gets a piece of cake or 000; in course of time it dies, the doctor gets $5 to $10 dollars, the minister gets another $4, the undertaker $25 to $50—the editor prints it and receives 0000—then the privilege of running free of charge a card of thanks.—*Catholic Citizen.*

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

Dr. George Sigerson, Who Has Been a Tower of Strength to the New Irish Literary Movement.

PART VII.

[For The Citizen.]

The workers in the Irish literary movement have been unjustly judged on this side of the ocean and classed as a band of enthusiasts whose ardor would be short-lived. A glance at some of the names of those engaged in the work will convince any person of intelligence that such is not the case, however. There are many veteran writers among these literati whose pens have been engaged in the cause for many years, and their enthusiasm has not abated in the least. Messrs. Denny Lane of Cork and the famous John O'Leary, as well as the president of the London society, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, all of whom wielded trenchant pens a half century ago, are among the most enthusiastic supporters of the present movement; while there are many others who for the last quarter of a century have been in the field and are tireless workers today.

And among the litterateurs of the Dublin society, for many reasons, Dr. George Sigerson is entitled to the first place. His is a giant of energy. With hopes ever buoyant he has infused an enthusiastic spirit into his co-laborers, and by counsel, experienced direction and personal efforts has been a tower of strength to the movement. It is not his first effort in this direction, either, for as far back as 1860 we find a volume published by John O'Daly of Dublin, entitled "The Munster Poets," a selection of Irish songs with metrical translations by "Erionnach." This latter name, "Erionnach," or Irishman, was the nom de plume used by Dr. Sigerson, who was the translator and collector of the series. It was the second volume of the series, the first being translated by the lamented Edward Walsh.

One of the translations in the book, "Eibhlin a Ruin," was a favorite of the late John Boyle O'Reilly. On one occasion when I visited O'Reilly at his office, he insisted on my copying the poem, both in Gaelic and English, for the purpose of having it sung at an Irish National celebration in New York. I have always admired the poem, as it is beautiful in its simplicity and is almost word for word, a literal translation of the original song:

Oh! I'm dazzled with love for thee,
Eibhlin a ruin.
To praise you is joy to me,
Eibhlin a ruin.
My glory most bright and fair
My solace through all life's care,
My mirth and my gladness rare,
Eibhlin a ruin.
O, nurse amid sorrow sure,
O, dove of the wood, so pure,
My breaking heart only cure,
Eibhlin a ruin.

With thy frankness and spotless youth,
Eibhlin a ruin.
Could you deceive my truth?
Eibhlin a ruin.
More beauteous than Venus, far,
More fair than the midnight star,
My Helen without stain you are,
Eibhlin a ruin.
My red rose, my lily white,
My treasure unfading, bright,
Darling, my soul's delight,
Eibhlin a ruin.

I'd cross the salt seas with you,
Eibhlin a ruin.
I'd ne'er, ne'er flee from you,
Eibhlin a ruin.
What soft tales I'd tell to you,
I'd taste your lips' sweetness, too,
I'd sing 'mid the falling dew,
Eibhlin a ruin.
I'd bring you where rivers glide,
Where green boughs o'ershade the tide,
'Neath music of birds to hide,
Eibhlin a ruin.

A joy beyond life would bless,
Eibhlin a ruin.
Should I love your loveliness,
Eibhlin a ruin.
My fond arm would circle you,
My heart be your guardian true,
Ne'er cailin was loved like you,
Eibhlin a ruin.
My beauteous star, mild and clear,
Sooner than cause a tear,
O, death, it were welcome here,
Eibhlin a ruin.

That Dr. Sigerson has a strong appreciation of Irish humor the following selection from the same volume will sufficiently indicate. The "Cardinal" was a red mantle very popular among the women of the peasantry during the last century. About the same time, the high-heeled shoes and high-cauled caps came into fashion, but it was for a very brief period, when they gave way to a simpler and more tasteful mode of attire. The wored was pronounced "Cardinel" by the peasantry and it is thus spelled in the Gaelic poem; the translator has kept it so in the English version, which is as follows:

My heart is full of gall tonight,
And sorrow's swell;
To see what changes fall, a blight
On hill and dell;
Kindly clans and valorous
Are sinking poor and dolorous,
And crafty clans look tall o'er us
In the Cardinel.

O when they go to hear the mass,
They mind not Hell,
Nor think what wages drear may pass;
At their Last Day's knell.
For, 'tis they—themselves—would raise
the dead,
Who're folded deep in daisy bed,
With notes from every crazy head,
O'er the Cardinel.

"We've no silks nor fashions new,"
Saiv and Anna tell,
But sure each has a passion to
Be just such a swell!
"Let's eat the pratees wee and wet,
And sell the pig—till we can get
The fashions! faith they'll see us yet
In the Cardinel."

"Och, mother, don't be hot at all,
It doesn't suit yoursel'.
My whole week's hire, you've got it all
And more as well.
We've two fat kids, none fatter play,
We'll sell them both on Saturday,
Themselves will, for that matter, pay
For the Cardinel."

The Pope's curse and the Church's, too,
With book and bell,
'Light on whoever clutches you,
O Cardinel!
Who will not as their mothers would
Wear dyed frieze and the other hood,
Which every change of weather stood
By wood and well.

My hearty curse and loathing tear
The ugly shell!
Since I saw a hag this clothing wear
In Gluiflesk's dell.
My heart leaped up in sudden wrath,
She looked an old ghost on my path,
I struck—she got a muddy bath
In her Cardinel.

All of the selections in the volume are *not* of the higher class; there are many fine patriotic poems of unusul power. Dr. Sigerson has that remarkable faculty with which both Mangan and Ferguson were gifted, that of really improving on the original verses. He has taken several that poessed but little literary merit and made something interesting out of them. This work, however, is one of his earliest efforts, and while it is one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to Irish literature in the present century, it is behind his later compositions in ease and grace. One of his songs, the "Colleen Dhas Cruthana Moe," is one of the finest bits of word painting that I know of in all the vast treasury of Irish poetry.

The gold rain of eve was descending
Bright purple-robed mountain and tree,
As I through Glenmorneen was wending,
A wanderer from o'er the blue sea.
'Twas the lap of a west looking mountain,
It's woody slope bright with the glow,
Where sang by a murmuring fountain
Au Colleen Dhas Cruthe na Moe.

Dark clouds where a gold tinge reposes
But picture her brown wavy hair,
And her teeth looked as if in a rose's
Red bosom a snowflake gleamed fair.
As her tones down the green dell went ringing,
The listening thrush mimicked them low,
And the brooklet harped soft to the singing
Of Colleen Dhas Cruthe na Moe.

"At last o'er thy long night, dear Erin,
Dawns the Sun of thy Freedom!" sang she;
"But thy mountaineers still are despairing
Ah! he who amid boundsmen was free,
Ah! my Diarmad the patriot-hearted
Who would free them with hope for the blow,
Far, Erin, from thee is he parted,
Far from Colleen Dhas Cruthe na Moe."

Her tears on a sudden brimmed over,
Her voice trembled low and less clear.
To listen, I stepped from my cover,
But the bough rustle broke on her ear.
She started—she reddened—"Asthoreen!
My Diarmad—oh, can it be so?"
And I clasped to my glad heart, sweet Moreen,
Mo Colleen Dhas Cruthe na Moe.

He has written many magnificent poems that have not an Irish subject for their theme. One of them, "In the City," is a beautifully finished poem, and can rank among the best productions of the Irish writers.

Beside the smithy window
A thrush sings all day long.
All in the murky city,
A carrolling greenwood song!
And ever, as I come nigh it,
My spirit is filled with glee,
And ever as I go by it,
My heart grows sad in me.
While ringingly the hammer,
Ringingly within,
Maketh a merry clamor
And a busy din.

Therein the Everworker
Is seen from early day,
With the glow of forge and iron
Upon his locks of grey.
Therein the ancient workman,
Works ever and aye, so lone,
And none have heard his laughter,
To no man he makes moan,
While ringingly the hammer,
Ringingly within,
Maketh a merry clamor
And a busy din.

Two friends he hath—two only,
Good hammer and sweet bird.
O, sorrowful eyes you tell not,
Who may have been the third.
Or whether the thrush is singing
Of summers that bore no gloom,
Or whether it promiseth sweetly
A green bough o'er a tomb.
When stilled shall lie the hammer,
Silent all within,
Hushed the weary clamor
And the noisy din.

There are two of Dr. Sigerson's poems that are very well known on this side of the ocean—"Mairé ni Milleon" and "Mo Colleen Donn"—but as they are to be had in most of the latter collections of Irish poetry, it would be useless to give them here.

Dr. George Sigerson was born at Holyhill, near Strabane, county Tyrone, in the year 1839. He commenced his lyrical life at an early age, for we find him contributing to the *Harp* in 1855, when he but 16 years of age. His "Poets and Poetry of Munster," from which the first two selections in this article were taken, appeared in 1860, and from that on, his contributions appeared in various Irish publications, notably *The Irishman, Nation, Harp, Duffy's Hibernian Magazine*, etc., generally over the signature of "Erionnach." He also used "An Ulsterman," and on one occasion "Patrick Henry." He has published several prose works about Irish political prisoners, land question, etc., and is the author of several botanical works, having been for some time professor of botany at the Catholic University, Dublin.

One of Dr. Sigerson's pet theories is that the Danes left an impress upon Irish literature which had considerable influence for good upon it. He even goes further and maintains that the Danes were much of an elevating force in Irish life. This fact may be questioned somewhat, still we would like to have such a worthy descendent of the old vikings bring forward facts which would sustain his assertions. We cannot learn too much of ancient Irish history, and though the proofs which Dr. Sigerson may bring forth may not be agreeable to most of us, if they are true, why should we not adopt them? M. J. MURPHY.

BADGERING BLAKE.

A New York Irish National Committee Issues a Circular Denouncing the Mendicant Mission of the Animated Snowball From Canada.

The Irish-American People Warned Not to Give the Representative of Irish Whig Provincialism Their Hard-Earned Dollars.

The following has been sent THE CITIZEN for publication:

A circular purporting to emanate from persons styling themselves the Irish National Federation of America, who claim to represent the Irish people in the United States, has been addressed to various Irish organizations asking them to assist in a reception to be given to a Mr. Blake.

It will be well for the members of these organizations and friends of the Irish cause to know who this Mr. Blake is, and what he represents, as well as his record in the Irish movement.

The Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., "Canadian Loyalist" and politician, after the death of Mr. Parnell went to Ireland to find a larger field for the exercise of his peculiar talents, and was received with open arms by those who hounded Parnell to the grave.

He comes to the United States as a begging ambassador to replenish the depleted funds of the Whig factions in Ireland who have openly acknowledged an Englishman as their leader and whose grovelling submission to English influences has placed home rule in the dim regions of future speculation.

He represents an inharmonious aggregation of political factions all tied to the British chariot wheels and variously known as McCarthyites, Tim Healyites, Dillonites, whose blunders and dissensions have become a bye-word and a reproach to Irishmen.

He represents the men who betrayed Mr. Parnell and the Irish cause at the bidding of an English statesman, and whose merciless vindictiveness drove him to a premature grave.

He represents the men who were afraid to "embarrass the English government" by demanding or even requesting the release of the unfortunate men convicted of political offenses by perjured and suborned evidence, and now lying in British dungeons, although the sanction of the house of lords was unnecessary to effect their freedom. The McCarthyites by a shameful neglect of this duty that appeals to human as well as to national instincts have constituted themselves the life-long jailers of their imprisoned countrymen, among whom are Dr. Gallagher of Brooklyn and John Daly of Limerick.

He represents the men who voted in the house of commons to increase the burden of an already overtaxed Ireland by $1,000,000 to be devoted to the construction of British gunboats!

He represents the men who voted with the government to reduce Irish representation in the house of commons from 103 to 80 members, thereby disfranchising 23 constituencies.

He represents the men who have sought and received, and who continue to receive from Dublin Castle honors and appointments for themselves and their friends, with a perfidious disregard of their solemn pledges to their constituents that they would seek no office of trust, honor, or emolument from any English party till home rule was won—thereby selling their independence and betraying the National cause for miserable selfish ends.

He represents the men who used all the arts of desperate and discredited political highwaymen to destroy the solidarity of the National League, an organization that embraced the best elements in the Irish nation and that won by betermined effort whatever concessions have been granted to Ireland during the past fifteen years.

He represents the men who have found it profitable to forget the sacred traditions of their country, who have sullied the Green Flag, and raised aloft in proud abandonment, the Union Jack.

He represents the principle enunciated by a McCarthyite leader in New York, who insulted the intelligence, and belittled the capacity of Irishmen the world over, by writing to the New York *Sun*, that "if Ireland were freely offered her independence by England she would still be better off as a part of the British Empire."

He represents the men who betrayed the evicted tenants by voting for a measure to banish forever from their homes 1,600 families and hand over their properties, the fruits of the hard toil of themselves and their ancestors, to 1,600 born thieves, the land grabbers.

Such is the party Mr. Blake comes to the United States to boom as the representative of Irish National aspirations, and such is the party he has the unblushing effrontery to ask Irishmen in America to assist financially, notwithstanding the fact that the McCarthyites have been recently proved to be pensioners of the British treasury.

The McCarthyites claim to represent a majority of the Irish people. It may mot be generally known that less than one-third of the adult male population of Ireland are entitled to the suffrages of the ballot; while it is a notorious fact that the strongest opponents of West Britonism in Ireland are among the two-thirds who are disfranchised by the anomalous conditions of the English franchise laws.

If the Irish people of America are not lost to all sense of decency, if they do not forget the beneficial restits of Parnell's policy of independence which gave Ireland a place among the nations, if they are not blind to the degrations to which Ireland has fallen since his death, if they do not wish to see Ireland become an English province in reality, they will leave the Hon. Edward Blake of Canada to be feted by those who believe with him "that if Ireland were freely offered her independence she would be foolish to dissolve her partnership with the land of Cromwell and Pitt."

Do Irishmen remember the lessons of history?

Is Irish Nationality a myth?

COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.

MR. THEODORE OEHNE.

Candidate for County Treasurer.

Mr. Theodore Oehne, Democratic candidate for the office of Trersurer of Cook county, is a fine looking and popular German-American, in the prime of life. He was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his father owned a planing mill, in January, 1852. After receiving the usual course of early education in his native land, he went to work in a wholesale house at the age of 15 years.

The Prussian-Austrian war that was fought in 1866 had a good deal to do with shaping the young man's career. One result of that war was to throw Frankfort-on-the-Main into Prussian possession. Then, as now, the citizen of that country had to bear arms for his government. Young Oehne's father was an avowed enemy to the monarchical system of government. He declared that none of the blood of his family should ever be shed in defense of the monarchy, and the father of the household packed up the boy's belongings and sent him to Paris. That was in 1868. Young Oehne, whose business was not to kill, remained until September, 1870, and the day of the memorable event at Sedan he stepped back to German soil, and resumed business in the town of his birth. He had inherited his father's liking for the republican form of government, and as it was not apparent in Germany

the young man quit Kaiser Wilhelm and came to the United States in 1871. He left New York the same day he arrived and came to Chicago. Here he began work in a real estate office, and, having acquired while at school a rudimentary knowledge of English, got along quite comfortably. The panic of 1873 threw him out of employment, but this did not dishearten him. He obtained other work and finally made the acquaintance of the late Conrad Seipp, the famous Chicago brewer. Mr. Seipp had a kindly way about him which encouraged many a young man. He questioned Oehne until he was satisfied he was worthy, and one day he walked him over to the criminal court building on the North Side, and going into the office of Louis Huck, who at that time was county treasurer, he told Huck to give the boy a chance. That was in 1875. The boy was 23 years old. Huck tried him on several kinds of work and the result was always satisfactory.

He cast his first vote, which was for Tilden and Hendricks, in 1876, and the same year became connected with the Conrad Seipp Brewing Company, as cashier, and, on the election of William C. Seipp to the office of county treasurer became that gentleman's confidential assistant, holding the position for the full term of four years. He then went back to the Brewing Company as manager, and, in that position, he proved himself one of the ablest men of affairs to be found in the city. When William C. Seipp and T. J. Lefens ended their active connection with the brewery, Mr. Oehne was elected vice-president and treasurer of the Seipp Brewing Company, and he is now holding that honorable and onerous position.

Mr. Oehne is popular socially, as well as politically and in business circles. He was one of the twelve men who founded the South Side Turngemeinde, which now has a membership of 400, and a scholarship of 600 members. He is a member of the Frohsinn Singing Society; one of the board of directors of the German Opera House Company; a member of the Cook County Democracy; treasurer of the Chicago Consolidated Brewing and Malting Company, and treasurer of the City of Chicago Investment Company, a real estate organization with a capital of $3,000,000. Since his business connections in this city he has handled over $60,000,000, and although he is treasurer now of three separate concerns, he has never been asked to give a bond.

He was married in 1880 to Miss Christina Schell, daughter of an old and highly respected citizen, and four children have blessed the happy union. The family residence is at No. 5401 Ellis avenue, where Mr. Oehne rejoices in quiet domestic enjoyment, in spite of the numerous calls made upon his time both in a business and political sense. In his relations with his fellow-citizens of all classes he is broad and liberal, and numbers personal friends in all the political parties by the thousand.

CUNARDERS' RECORDS.

The records made this fall by Cunard steamers are as follows:

Campania (westerly), Aug. 17—Five days, 9 hours and 29 minutes, beating the record previously held by the Lucania by three hours and eighteen minutes.

Lucania (westerly), Aug. 31—Five days, 8 hours, 38 minutes.

Campania (easterly), Aug. 31—Five days, 10 hours, 47 minutes, beating the Lucania's record (easterly) by 51 minutes.

Lucania (easterly), Sept. 14—Five days 8 hours, 38 minutes.

Lucania (westerly), Sept. 28—Five days, 7 hours, 48 minutes.

The Lucania now holds records for the fastest trip each way: greatest one day's run, greatest average daily runs, and greatest hourly average. On the trip just completed, she brought 697 cabin passengers and 653 steerage.

CHARLES W. WOODMAN.

Mr. Charles W. Woodman, J. P., Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth Congressional District of this State, is an American citizen of Danish birth, who has won deserved recognition in the city of his adoption. Purely a self-made man, he has won the regard of citizens of all races and denominations and is respected by even those who most vehemently oppose him in the political sense. He was born in Denmark of German parents in 1844, and hence has reached the half century mark on the march through life. He was brought up on a farm, and at first got only the limited education which his parents, who were not in wealthy circumstances, could give him. At the age of fifteen, he shipped before the mast for the purpose of seeing "the wide, wide world." His first cruise was on a merchantman sailing from Copenhagen, whence he went to St. Petersburg, and later to Riga, on the Baltic. "At that time," said the Justice, in a talk with a local historian, "the world was new to me, and I was anxious to know everything about the nations of the earth. I purchased books as far as I was able, and read them in the forecastle whenever I got a chance. The land that interested me most, even in those days, was the United States, and I longed for the time when I should be able to settle down there and become one of its citizens."

From the Baltic Sea young Woodman went to England, and then made several trips back and forth from Liverpool to Russia, and thence to Seville, in Spain, whence he took a trip across the Atlantic to Brazil. He did not like that part of the New World, and returned as soon as possible. "In the spring of 1860," we quote his own language in chatting with the historian, "I became part of an expedition to visit the arctic regions. That trip was a memorable one. We stopped at St. John's, Newfoundland, on our way up, and went to 78 degrees north. There were four vessels that tried to reach the same goal; but three of them were crushed in the ice, and ours was the only one that reported back to Leith, Scotland."

From Leith he shipped on a "merchant clipper" for San Francisco, and in 176 days—the vessel being that time on the voyage—he was in the land which had been the subject of his dreams for so many years. He landed in the United States in the midst of the Civil war, and made himself solid at once with the land which was to be his henceforth by enlisting in the gulf squadron of the United States Navy, in which he remained doing gallant service until the close of the war.

Mr. Woodman came to Chicago after his discharge from the navy, deciding that a seafaring life no longer had any attractions for him. He had acquired a good deal of an education from his studies on board ship, and began the study of law soon after his arrival here, entering the office of James L. High, supporting himself by various odd jobs of work meanwhile, at first. He graduated with honors and was admitted to the bar in 1871. He was appointed prosecuting attorney of the lower courts in 1877, and in 1882 he was selected as a justice of the peace for the west town, a position he has filled with credit ever since. In the same year he was admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court at Washington. He was married in 1867 to Miss Cornelia Hamilton, daughter of the well known professor of languages, Dr. Hamilton. Justice Woodman is himself a linguist, being proficient in German, Scandinavian, Italian, and Spanish.

The charge of A. P. Aism made against Justice Woodman may be dismissed with the remark of Hemlet to Ophelia, "Be thou chaste as ice and pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Mr. Woodman, born himself on foreign soil, and being a man of liberal views and broad intelligence, is not likely to be affiliated with an organization hostile to all foreigners. He has lived so long, and acted so honorably in this city, that he needs no defense from any quarter. As an adopted citizen of the great Republic, he has fulfilled all the requirements of his citizenship in war as well as in peace, and can be relied upon to do his full duty, if he should be elected to the honorable position which he seeks.

ORRIN N. CARTER.

Orrin N. Carter, Republican candidate for Judge of the County Court, was born in Jefferson county, New York, in 1854. The son of R. Carter and Isabel (Cole) Carter, his father, a sailor, died when his son was one year old. With his mother, Orrin, at the age of 10 years, came to the State of Illinois and settled in DuPage county. Then he worked on a farm, attending school in the winter, and, with persevering industry, succeeded in getting a college education, graduating from Wheaton College in 1877. In 1878 he came to Chicago and became a law student in the office of Tuley, Stiles & Lewis. He then went to Grundy county, taught school while continuing his law studies, and was admitted to the practice of law in 1880. In 1881 he was elected State's Attorney of Grundy county, and held the office for six years. He was married to Nettie J. Stevens, of LaSalle, Ill. in 1881, and is the father of two children. In 1888 he settled permanently in Chicago and has built up a successful business as a lawyer. In 1892 he was appointed attorney for the Board of Trustees of the Sanitary District of Chicago, and resigned that office to become the Republican candidate for County Judge at the earnest solicitation of friends and his party. Mr. Carter was for many years associated with Judge Wing, one of the leading lawyers of this city. He is a gentleman of the broadest liberality, and is respected by all who know him. Mr. Carter would disdain to be connected, directly or indirectly, with any proscriptive society, and among his warmest friends in Chicago today are many Catholics, who know his worth. He is making a vigorous campaign and is full of confidence.

TIMOTHY E. RYAN.

Candidate for Congress on the Democratic Ticket in the Fourth District.

One of the most active campaigners in the present exciting contest is Timothy E. Ryan, who is running for Congress in the Fourth District on the Democratic ticket. Everybody in Chicago knows "Tim"—particularly everybody who lives in the West Division. He came to Chicago with his parents in 1851, and moved to Lockport, Ill., in 1854. He was educated in the public schools of Lockport. Mr. Ryan returned to Chicago in 1871 and settled down in the old Eighth, now the Nineteenth ward, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. Ryan is a ship carpenter by trade. He went into business for himself in 1871 and through his energetic efforts and close attention to business soon accumulated quite a goodly share of this world's wealth. He branched into the real estate business in 1881, which proved to him a phenomenal success from a financial standpoint.

Mr. Ryan has been prominent on the West Side, where he has been a recognized Democratic leader for a number of years. He was chosen grand marshal of the Irish Day parade at the World's Fair by the united Irish societies of Chicago, and when called upon

to turn out the Irish societies at Carter H. Harrison's funeral he quickly and amply responded.

Mr. Ryan made his debut in political life in 1884, when he was elected West Town assessor by 5,260 majority. He was re-elected in 1891 and received a majority of 12,600, and again in 1893 when he was last elected assessor of the great West Side by a majority of 17,000.

He was the only assessor that ever compelled a certain big firm to pay taxes for their storehouse on West Monroe street. He assessed them $50,000 and compelled them to pay taxes amounting to $4,000, notwithstanding the firm took the matter into court and remarked that they would spend double the amount to defeat Mr. Ryan for assessor should he ever run again.

The firm occupied the warehouse in the fall of 1891 and was not assessed in 1892. The Western Electric Company paid no taxes in 1892. Ryan assessed them $100,000 in 1893 and compelled them to pay $8,000 taxes. He raised the McCormick Reaping Company's assessment $65,000 over that of 1892, and the firm of Frazer & Chalmers $100,000 over that of 1892.

He raised the Street Railway Company of the West Side $225,000 over that of 1892, and the People's Gas Light and Coke Company $65,000. In fact, he has been a terror to West Side corporations during his terms as West Town assessor. Mr. Ryan reduced the taxes of the poor and middle classes of the West Side 15 per cent in 1893 and still made a net gain of over $2,500,000 to meet a demand of shortage of city funds.

The City Council appointed a committee to wait on the State Legislature, to ask for an increase of 2½ per cent over and above the assessor's valuation. Mr. Ryan fought the bill vigorously in Springfield and secured its defeat, giving as his reasons that if the assessors of Chicago did their duty and assessed the corporations sufficiently the necessary shortage could have been covered. During Mr. Ryan's terms as West Town assessor he trated all nationalities fairly and on the same basis.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN.

Candidate for County Clerk.

Roger C. Sullivan., present Clerk of the Probate Court and candidate for County Clerk, is a native of Illinois, having been born in Belvidere, Boone county, Feb. 3, 1861, where he received

his education. For a short time he taught school it the surrounding country. Desiring to enter a larger field of usefulness he came to Chicago in 1880, and for several years was employed by the West Chicago Street Railway Company in the capacity of machinist. During President Cleveland's first administration he held the position of deputy collector of internal revenue. In the fall of 1890 he was nominated for the office of Probate Clerk, to which office he was elected by a good majority, although it will be remembered that only two others on the Democratic ticket were so favored. He became convinced that the fee system required regulating, and to this end he was instrumental in securing the passage of a bill in the legislature regulating the fees of the office, whereby the office of Probate Clerk is now not only self-sustaining, but contributes to the support of the county.

So efficiently has Mr. Sullivan discharged the duties of the Probate Clerk's office that the has won the approval of all having business relations with it. At the last Democratic county convention he was nominated for the office of County Clerk. His public record is a guarantee to the voters of Cook county that if elected Mr. Sullivan will give the county a businesslike and economical administration of the affairs of the office. Mr. Sullivan resides in the Thirteenth ward.

Personally Mr. Sullivan is one of the most agreeable of men, and his strong friends are by no means confined to the party of which he is an able representative.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirian.

[AIS LEANANHAIN.]

Righ Caisil,—is crad dia cheill
airrecht re fes Lacha Lein—
o'n Luan co roill a caithimh—
is tosach dia thuighlaithibh:

Geis do aidhchi foile ria n-Geim
Foghamhair il-Leitteanchaibh;
forbais nae trath for Siuir suain;
dal choicrichais im Gabruin;

Is geis do cloisteacht iar sin
fri h-osnadhaigh ban Feimin
ica n-doehraidi na m-ban;
itiad gesi righ Mumhan.

Maraid sund—ni suailli in smacht,
buadha is geasa righ Condacht:
righ Condacht—cia nach cuala?
ni bill cean bith buadha.

Buaidh da buadaibh re each m-buaidh,
ailadh giall a h-Oirbsin fhuair;
scalg Siebhi Logha male:
lathairt chorma i Muigh Muirsce;

Maith do ruathar na Tri Ros
d'fhacbail a brult ac Bearnos
im daibri m-lireici m-buadhach
is in tualsceart trean chruadach;

Dal choicrichais im Ath Luain
fri tuathaibh Teamhrach tuath chluain;
mattean Ceiteamon ceat m-bladh
a Maen-magh, na righ Dar-badh.

[LE SHEITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The king of Caiseal—it will embitter his feeling
To wait for the feast of Loch Lein(1)—
To stay from one Monday to another to enjoy it—
It is the beginning of his last days;

'Tis prohibited to him (to pass) a night in the beginning
Before Geim at Leitreacha(2);
To encamp for nine days on the silent Siuir(3);
To hold a border meeting at Gabhran(4);

'Tis prohibited to him, after this, to listen
To the moans of the women of Feimhin(5)
(Arising) from the violation of those women:
Such are the prohibitions of the king of Mumha.

Here are—not trifling the regulation,
The prerogatives and prohibitions of the king of Connacht:
The king of Connacht, who has not heard of him?
He is not a hero without perpetual prerogatives.

One of his prerogatives which is before every prerogative,
The taking of the hostages of the chilly Oirbsean(6);
The hunting of Sliabh Lugha(7) also;
The drinking of the fresh ale of Magh Muirisce(8);

Good for him the rout of the Tri Rosa(9), (and)
To leave his cloak at Bearnas(10)
Around the victorious oak of Breice
In the strong, hardy north;

To hold a border meeting at Ath Luain
With the states of Teambair of the grassy districts;
On May morning, of first flowers,
To visit Maen-magh, but touch not Darmhagh.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

1. *Loch Lein*—This is still the name of the Lakes of Killarney, in county Kerry.
2. *Leitreagh*—A parish in Lower Ormond, Tipperary.
3. *Suir*—This celebrated river, which has its source in Sliabh Aildtiin (the Devil's Bit mountain), in county Tipperary, unites with the Barrow and the sea about one mile below Waterford.
4. *Gabhran*—(Gowran) in Kilkenny. According to Keating the territory of Ormond extended as far as this place, but this cannot be considered as its boundary for the last thousand years, for then the greater part of Ossory would belong to Munster; but this we cannot believe on the authority of Keating, as Ossory is described in the oldest Lives of St. Patrick as the western portion of Leinster.
5. *Feimhin*—More generally called Magh-Feimhin, was the ancient name of a plain comprising that portion of the present county of Tipperary which belongs to the diocese of Lismore. It is described as extending from the river Siuir northwards to Corca Eathrach, otherwise called Machaire Chaisil, from which it is evident that it comprised the whole of the barony of Iffa and Offa east.
6. *Oirbsean*, i.e. to take the hostages of the Ui Briuin Seola, and other tribes seated around Loch Oirbsean (Lough Corrib in the county of Galway.)
7. *Sliabh Lugha*—More usually called Sliabh Lugha, a well known mountainous territory in the county of Mayo, comprising that part of the barony of Costello which belongs to the diocese of Achonry, viz. the parishes of Kilkelly, Kilmovee, Killeagh, Kilcolman, and Castlemore-Costello.
8. *Muirisc*, i.e. Sea Plain. There is a narrow plain of this name situated between the mountain of Cruach Phadraig (Croaghpatrick) and Cuan Modh (Clew Bay), in the west of Mayo. It also became the name of a small abbey situated in this plain, on the margin of the bay, from which the barony of Murrisk received its name. This name was also applied to a district in the barony of Tir Fhiachrach (Tireragh) and county of Sligo, extending from the river Easkey to Dunnacoy. It is difficult to decide which of these plains is the one referred to in the text.
9. *The Three Rosses* here referred to must be either the district so called in the north, or that in the west of the county of Donegal.
10. *Bearnas*—This is evidently the remarkable gapped mountain called Barnesmore and locally Bearnas, in the barony of Tirhugh, county of Donegal.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

AIM OF PLUTOCRACY.

THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE MANY BY THE FEW IN AMERICA.

The Tendency Shown In the Utterances of the Barons' Agents—Labor Naturally the Strongest Support of Government—Behold, the Light Is Breaking!

The Century Magazine for October furnishes food for reflection for those who believe in the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence, but more especially for those optimistic patriots who pooh pooh the idea that there is a settled purpose in a certain quarter to divide this nation into two distinct classes—a governing class and a governed class. The governing power is to rest with the aristocracy of wealth, and the wealth producers are to be placed absolutely under the control of this power. Democracy is to be overthrown and plutocracy installed beyond all question, as there is now still some doubt as to whether that is our real though not acknowledged condition. The careful observer has not waited until this late day to reach the conclusion that the American lords and barons and their lickspittles have agreed among themselves that popular government is an ever present menace to the complete triumph of their aim to secure absolute dominion over the mudsills. That the people have been indifferent and careless in the exercise of the power resting in them until they are slaves in fact, if not in name, is not satisfying to plutocracy, for the power still exists, and it may be exercised ere it is too late. Therefore that power must be destroyed.

It is not enough that the rich have fastened the chains of industrial slavery upon the poor through legislation. While the producers are politically free and are permitted to combine for the enforcement of their economic rights, there is danger that they will remain a constant impediment to the complete establishment of a wealthy aristocracy and possibly under the lash of the taskmaster may be driven to exercise their political power for their regeneration. Stealthily, but persistently and unerringly, plutocracy has for 30 years, or since the liberation of the chattel slave, carried out its purpose of enslaving the wageworkers. Through a carefully prepared programme of legislation, carried out up to the present in accordance with an occasionally amended schedule, the moneybags of the world have made themselves the masters of American industry, and the bloated brigands grin with fiendish delight as in their dreams they hear the sounds of hammers forging bonds for the industrious. The foul and murderous business began with bonds, and it ends with bonds, but the first and the last are not the same. Law, law, law, has been the cry of the greedy cormorants for 30 years. Now it is "law and order." Their "law" stood for legalized theft, and their "order" means the bullets and bayonets of hired murderers.

I do not want to be misunderstood in this matter. I am not denouncing every man who is the possessor of capital—every employer. Few of the manufacturers or merchants of 30 years ago were even tacitly in the conspiracy to control the lawmaking power and through it the destinies of our people, but while this is true I must admit for consistency's sake that many in those classes have taken advantage of the opportunities presented to them because of their great fortunes accumulated since 1865 and are now part and parcel of the conspiracy of wealth. As against these I fully realise that the vast majority of our merchant class are either now or are destined to be victims of the same vicious and greedy beast that is devouring labor. They foolishly believe that they will either be able to protect themselves or graciously be allowed to escape, and because of this self deception their cries for the suppression of the "lawless workingman" rival those of the hired shouters of the barons. They were fierce in denouncing Debs and his comrades in the late unpleasantness and enthusiastic in applauding the autocracy of a president who eagerly jumped into the fray—on monopoly's side. They mildly and respectfully mumbled a protest against the ever recurring instances of the prostitution of government machinery to enhance the fiendish powers of the barons, but they are vehement in their demands that the disorder of robbed and starving workingmen be "stamped out." Their shortsightedness will prove their ruin.

But what of the articles in The Century? you ask. I had almost forgotten them, as they are so much like the many utterances that have come under the eyes of those who read the organs of the plutocracy in these times. It is difficult to select any as especially calling for attention. The whole lot is so infamous. One of the articles I have before me is signed "James Wier, Jr., M. D., 'Waveland,' Owensboro, Ky." The "Waveland" evidently refers to the country castle or baronial estate of the writer. Note the surroundings of the gentleman who writes about "The Methods of the Rioting Striker an Evidence of Degeneration." The article is a labored effort to show that physical degeneration, followed naturally by mental and moral degeneration, is the real cause of the "lawlessness evinced" by "our work people." It is not necessary to discuss what the doctor assigns as the prime causes of "degeneration." It is sufficient to say that he lays the blame for labor disturbances at the door of our foreign born population. This is the common trick today of the tool of plutocracy whether on the platform or in print. Every whipper snapper and lickspittle of the barons will tell you that "there would be no dissatisfaction among our work people if it wasn't for the influence of the scum of Europe which has swarmed upon our shores."

It is the anarchist from the slums of Europe that the soldiers are called upon to shoot down. The American workingman has no kick coming. In the language of the "Waveland" seer, who of course enjoys excellent opportunities for knowing all about the workingman:

> The native born American workingman descended from Anglo-Saxon ancestors has not yet been attacked by degeneration. In this fruitful land his struggle for existence has been easy. Consequently his physical and psychical beings have not been held in check and turned back by the exigencies of his surroundings, but, on the contrary, have been greatly developed. He takes broad and elevated views of sociological questions. He recognizes the fact that each man is the architect of his own fortunes, and that success depends on the intrinsic worth of each individual.

It is singular that the doctor, with all his knowledge, does not recognize that the courage to protest and fight against injustice is more likely to abide with the kind of men he has described than with those who are physically and psychically degenerated. The doctor made a slip in his reasoning, as he also did in his use of terms. How could he so far forget himself as to say "struggle for existence" in describing the happy conditions surrounding the native born American workingman? Further comment upon the above extract is not needed. It speaks for itself.

After condemning our immigration laws and charging once more upon the immigrant the responsibility for all labor disorders this savior of society, this kind hearted friend of "our work people," concludes his contribution to the Christianlike literature of nineteenth century civilization thus:

> Year after year Europe pours into the United States multitudes of degenerate human beings, who, incited by the freedom of American institutions and without the deterrent fear of summary punishment, immediately give free rein to their atavistic imaginations, and whenever they think that the favorable moment has arrived plunge into anarchy and lawlessness. These people are savages and should not be treated as civilized beings. They are not amenable to those arguments which would undoubtedly prevail were they civilized men and women. Consequently it is folly to argue with them. Their ideas of social economics are totally different from those of the civilized world, and the sooner the world recognizes this fact the better it will be for civilization. When the Indians out west go on the warpath, we know how to control them. The psychologist considers the anarchist as being no better than the Indian.

What a fix chaps of this doctor's stripe would be in if they hadn't the term "anarchist" to juggle with! I am opposed to the anarchist theory of no government and have no sympathy with the kind of "anarchist" the doctor writes about, but it seems to me there is a better way to destroy his power than to butcher him—a better way because its results would be more lasting. To kill off the products of a system and not change the system is like cutting sweet pea blossoms to make the vines bear heavily through the whole season. If the American workingman's condition was not such as to make him grateful for the sympathy of any one who in any way espouses his cause, if the powers that be in government showed some consideration for his rights and less subserviency to the money mongers, trust tyrants and corporation cormorants, there would be no difficulty with "riotous foreigners" in labor disputes. Organized labor in America would prove the government's strongest protector if the men who represent the government in its legislative, executive and judicial branches were not everlastingly arrayed upon the side of privilege and pelf. There were no "anarchistic foreigners" engaged in the recent railway strike, and yet the administration at Washington promptly got into shape to control the strikers "as we control the Indians." What rioting there was began after the courts and the soldiers were openly arrayed upon the side of the arrogant corporations.

The editor of "Topics of the Time" in Century saks, also in the October number, "While all the rest of the people are upholding law and order, how does it come about that the laboring classes are in so many instances seeking to overthrow law and order?" The implied charge in the query is not true. If it were, the answer might be found in such instances as the one I refer to in the foregoing paragraph. But we will let the questioner make his own answer. Here it is: "It is because, as we said in 1893, our laboring class is not as a body American, but anti-American. That it is becoming more American through experience we are glad to believe." How the writer makes his statements that the laboring classes "are in so many instances" conducting themselves like "anti-Americans" and yet "are becoming more American through experience" fit into each other it is difficult to see, especially as the recent railway difficulty, which of course had very strong "anti-American" tendencies, was one of the causes which provoked him into writing his little piece. But editors of high priced magazines are not required to be consistent. All they are expected to do is to pound the mudsills and prejudice the middle class.

There's where the trouble lies; there's the correct answer to the question, "Why is there unrest amoung 'our' work people?" The middle class is deceived by the agents of plutocracy into believing that the working people are responsible for the disturbances which cause suffering to business interests. In the hurry of commercial life our merchants and small manufacturers have allowed the subsidized editors and professors of the barons to do their thinking. Of the burdens which Shylock has put upon the people the middle class has passed its share along in the regular course of business until it has found a final resting place upon the shoulders of the sill, who has simply been forced deeper into the mud. Occasionally one of the middlemen is unable to shift the burden, and he is crushed by its weight. Such an experience sometimes makes him think, and then he joins the ranks of the discontented. But through it all Shylock is gathering his toll and rearing his palace of plutocracy. When the middle class cries out because it is pinched, Shylock offers comfort and encouragement by whispering: "Have no fear. I am your friend. If you will allow your public servants to do as I require, I will furnish you the capital to carry on your business. You cannot turn a wheel without my help, and it is fortunate [aside, "For me"] that I am your friend, my dear."

So the swindle goes on, and the man who really believes that he loves peace more than any one else is the unwitting cause of most of the trouble. The light is breaking though. It is pleasant to be able to say that before closing this letter. The dawn is rising this time in the west. The people of the prairies and mountains have seen the light, and it has enabled them to locate the cause of strikes, riots and tramps. The news is spreading over the south, the north—aye, and even in the east it is being told, and there are many who receive it with gladness. Shylock is trembling in his boots, for there are rumors that the next big strike will be by the building trades employed on the palace of plutocracy, and that it will be impossible to secure others to take the strikers' places. The first vote on the strike is to be taken Nov. 6, 1894. If it doesn't carry at that time, it surely will on Nov. 6, 1896, when another vote will be taken.

Jos. R. BUCHANAN.

A Day's Work.

Does not our neighbor, The Record, err in asserting positively that "employers have learned by experience that a shortened day means relatively increased wage, just as a long day means a short wage?"

Economists, statisticians, business men and labor leaders have been studying this subject for some years, and all have come to the conclusion that the reduction of the hours of labor to the eight hour point has not decreased the productivity of the worker nor the labor cost of the product. England has furnished a vast quantity of data bearing upon the problem, all of which support this position. It would of course be absurd to contend that the hours of labor could be indefinitely decreased without corresponding decrease of the product, but it has been very thoroughly demonstrated that the change from ten to eight hours in English factories has cost the employer nothing and profited the worker much in time for rest, recreation and self improvement.—Chicago Times.

Starvation In Pullman.

Some hundreds of people in the town of Pullman are gradually starving to death. This statement is literally true. Pullman is some miles out in the country from Chicago, and after the great strikes of June and July ended so much had been written about the place that the newspapers and public were tired of reading about it. For two months the press of Chicago had almost nothing to say about Pullman or the condition of the people who were living there. Yet the people have continued to exist, entirely dependent upon the charity of others. After public interest in the strikes had died away the supplies which were being furnished to the needy in the town of Pullman palace cars slowly but steadily decreased. The climax was reached this week when about 700 people who applied at relief headquarters for food yesterday morning were told that there was nothing more for them.—Chicago Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Six Hour Day.

The proposal to inaugurate a six hour day of labor in the building trades was doubtless inspired by a humane and altruistic purpose. It comes from the men already employed, and what it really means is that these persons are willing to divide the work which they have with the unfortunates who have no work at all. To do such work as is to be done at the rate of six hours a day instead of eight would require a fourth more hands. Eight men would find work where six are now employed. The original six would surrender a portion of their wages to the incoming two.—Chicago Record.

The Modern Hell.

The ancient hell of torments dire
Was pictured forth with flames and fire,
Where sinning souls were swiftly sent
To get their meted punishment.
The modern hell—but my weak pen
Dares hardly strive to show to men
What dreadful torments daily go
To make the round of modern woe.

From early dawn till falls the night
No rest has he, the luckless wight
Who toils to gain the daily bread
With which his children must be fed.
Perhaps in dark, unhealthful mines
Or on the railway's lengthened lines
He risks his life from day to day
To keep the demon Want at bay.
Perhaps in fact'rics where the light
Of day scarce changes from the night
He toils amidst a horrid din
A meager sustenance to win.

In crowded garrets, hot and high,
Where multitudes in squalor lie
He makes his home. There sickness comes
And through the place at will it roams.
It lays its ghastly hand on youth,
For tender years it has no ruth,
And soon a harvest great is reaped,
And tiny mounds are quickly heaped
Above the heads where till this rest
None other had their lives e'er blest.

The meager pittance that they earn
Just serves to make the fire burn
That's known as life within their frames,
But only smolders, never flames.
And living is the same as death
Except they have the one thing—breath—
That is denied the peaceful dead
Who lie in earth beneath their tread.

From tortured millions comes the cry,
"We are but slaves who live and die
At will of those who have the pow'r
To legislate and change each hour
The laws to suit themselves and reap
Therefrom a harvest, which they keep
'Neath lock and key, while starving men
Cry out for bread, and back again
The cry is hurled in bitter scorn,
'The poor man never should be born.'"

O God in heaven, hear the cries
That daily to thy throne arise.
Send forth thy bolts of garnered wrath,
Blast through this country one clean path,
That levels all to one fair plane,
Where all shall rule, and none shall reign,
Where man to man shall brother be
And all be one equality.

—W. Reed Dunroy.

The general committee of the German trade unions is now considering the advisability of calling together a congress next year.

STERN REPRESSION.

ONE-HALF OF THE WORKINGMEN TO BUTCHER THE OTHER HALF.

Laws For the Suppression of the Disinherited Should They Protest—Who Will Make and Enforce These Laws?—A Letter Which Fits the Present.

The following letter, which was written a few years ago, is especially appropriate to the conditions of today because of the fact that under instructions recently given by President Cleveland the military forces of the nation are being concentrated at or near industrial centers. The plutocratic newspapers of today, like the Bloomfield Citizen in the quoted paragraph, denounce as "socialists," "communists" and "anarchists" every workingman who engages in a strike against injustice. In the light of the experience of the past few years American workingmen should be able to absorb at once the lesson contained in the following letter:

Not many years ago a suburban newspaper, the Bloomfield (N. J.) Citizen, printed an editorial on "Labor Troubles." In some respects it was fairer to the workingmen than the average editorial in the local papers, but after enumerating some of the difficulties surrounding the settlement of the "labor question" it says:

> The presence of socialists in every large city, with newspaper teaching that "property is robbery," is another source of danger. How shall it be met? We answer in several ways—by teaching workingmen the necessity of obedience to law, by legislative enactment and by stern, repressive measures.

"Stern, repressive measures." How much does that mean? Workingmen, are you to be repressed? Who are to pass these "stern, repressive measures?" Representatives elected by workingmen—as all our representatives must be? And, when these "stern, repressive measures" have passed into law, by whom are they to be executed? By the workingmen themselves? If not, by whom? By a body of soldiers supported by the workingmen?

The man who wrote that editorial, whether he calls himself a Democrat or a Republican, has not yet learned the first principles of a people's government. He ought to study the Declaration of Independence for one day at least.

This Citizen editor says that "property and life must be protected at all hazards." True to the instincts of his class, he puts "property" first.

Would it not be a captivating sight to see The Citizen editor and all the editors who fawn on the money power, and all the ministers who preach patience to the poor and the sacredness of property to the rich, and all the lawyers and judges who echo and re-echo "vested rights," and all the landlords and railroad kings and usurers, and all the soldiers of the standing army living idly at labor's expense, and all the legislators who misrepresent the people—I say would it not be a captivating sight to see all these start out to "protect property at all hazards" and to execute their "stern, repressive measures?" But I wonder if they would realize what a puny little handful they would be compared to all the workingmen in the country who are to "'be taught the necessity of obedience to law." My friends—and now I am talking to the workingmen—do you know on whom these men depend to "protect their property at all hazards?" On you every time, directly or indirectly.

Have you heard of the northern senator who was told by a southerner that "the north had more to fear from the discontent of its laboring classes than ever the south had to fear from its slaves?" And did you hear how this senator replied: "Don't trouble yourself about us. If worse comes to worst, we can hire one-half of the workingmen to butcher the other half?" True, and so whenever I hear editors or workingmen talk of violence I am sad and troubled. We want such intelligence and unity, such a feeling of brotherhood among the world's workers that no man will dare to advocate "stern, repressive measures," thinking in his heart or saying with his lips that they can be enforced by "hiring one-half of the workingmen to butcher the other half."

I once heard of an incident bearing on this matter which always, when I think of it, fills me with a great glow of hope for the workers of our country. In 1877 a militia company, probably composed of workingmen, was called out to suppress a riotous strike. In this company was a young man—God bless him—who said: "I'll go, captain, but I shall hand my musket over to the strikers if I do anything. Do you think I can go in the interest of a corporation and shoot down men who are asking for a living for themselves and families?" The threat of "court martial" made no difference to this hero, who was brave enough not to fight. Suppose every man in every company that was called out to suppress those strikers had acted like this one.

What is needed to drive tyranny out of the world and forever emancipate the many from bondage to the few is to so educate the many that every tyrant will know that he cannot "hire one-half of the workingmen to butcher the other half."

Let every tyrant know that no man can be hired to be a human butcher, either as sheriff or soldier, and our freedom is won, for it is on hirelings that tyranny has always depended to carry out its "stern, repressive measures."

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J.

A New Song of the Shirt.

"It is wrong for little girls to be compelled to work," cried the speaker plaintively at a meeting of the shirtmakers.

"And what avails all this working of father and mother and daughters and sons? Do they get enough bread to eat? Do they ever rest? Rest means death! Do we live? No! We sleep and work and starve. It is one ceaseless grind. No laughter, no joy, no rest. Nothing but work, work, work!"—New York World.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE BORGIAN AZTECS

DISCOVERY OF A POISON RING IN AN ANCIENT MEXICAN TOMB.

A Queer Find Made by American Archæologists—Remains of the Priest Who Probably Took His Own Life by Means of Poison Administered Through a Ring.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times in the City of Mexico writes as follows:

Much has been written concerning the poison of the Borgias of Italy and the many subtle ways of administering it to those whom they wished to quietly put out of their path, among these ways being that of rings with springs charged with poison, which, entering like a needle point into the victim's flesh, communicated it to him as effectually as if he had swallowed it. But it seems from a recent discovery made in this city that this clever manner of administering a fatal dose was not peculiar to the Italians, but was practiced by the ancient Mexicans, or Aztecs.

In clearing the ground of an old ruin of a church which had become too dilapidated to render it safe for any one to enter its walls there were found indications that beneath it was a forgotten burial ground, or at least a tomb. Eager American archæologists requested and received from the authorities permission to examine into the matter, and the work of exhuming began.

There was found to be a vault constructed with some care of hewn blocks of stone put together and sealed into a hollow square with no opening. It required some difficulty to break through this, the work demanding care lest some curious relic be destroyed, but at last it was uncovered only to show that the tomb had an inner casing.

This, however, was of masonry work and more easily removed. When this was done, a long, prostrate object was revealed wrapped in cloths of coarse texture, which had been dipped in pitch. These, in turn, being broken through, finer cloths were found, and these were wrapped about the well preserved body of a man.

He had none of the dry and withered appearance of the Egyptian mummies, but looked as though his embalming had been the work of yesterday. He was beyond doubt an Indian, as was shown by the high cheek bones and facial angle, though of the more cultivated type of the people who inhabited this country before the coming of Cortez.

He was a man of about 50 or 55, with a strong and even benevolent face marked slightly with smallpox, and was robed in what was evidently a priest's dress. This was of white and of fine texture, bordered with a still well preserved band of humming bird's feathers of that exquisite handiwork for which this people were famous, and of which they still jealously guard the secret.

In the right hand of the man was held a small idol of red sandstone, with opal eyes, while in the other a silver wand or stick somewhat resembling a marshal's baton, no doubt the insignia of his office. On the left hand was also a ring of silver in the shape of a coiled serpent, with the eyes of the green Mexican diamond obtained from mines the locality of which was never learned from the Aztecs even under torture by their greedy Spanish conquerors, and the secret of which still defies the explorer of today.

In order to examine this ring more closely, one of the party of archæologists attempted to pull it from the finger of the dead man, but was surprised to find that it was held there by a fine wire, the needlelike point of which was still sunken into the brown flesh. After some manipulation this was finally removed, and it was seen that the wire was a most delicate hollow tube, from which hung what looked like an infinitesimal bubble of greenish gas.

Suspecting that this might have had something of the character of the famous Borgian rings, the gentleman handled it carefully, and calling a Chihuahua dog of the hairless species, which had attached itself to the party, he pushed the point of the spring into the tip of the animal's ear and awaited results. For a time it seemed that the ring had exhausted its deadly power, but after half an hour the dog was seen to foam at the mouth, his eyes grew glassy, and in a few minutes more he fell over on one side, and after a convulsion or two was found to be quite dead.

This gave rise to the theory that the dead man had probably killed himself, or for some offense had, by the rules of his order or the government, put himself to death, as it was lawful for one of the priesthood to suffer capital punishment. This also, in all probability, accounts for his being entombed away from the temple where he served, or otherwise consecrated ground, an item of religious ruling with the Aztec as with the Roman Catholics of today.

On exposure to the air the body soon showed signs of decay and fell away almost as they watched it, but showing in this that only the outer husk of the flesh had been preserved, the interior being filled with fine sand. The ring, idol and other relics were claimed by the authorities and are now on exhibition at the National museum.

Mourning.

Of late years the rigors of perfunctory mourning have been greatly modified. There is little heard nowadays of how long people should stay away from the theater after the death of a relative or at exactly what period it is again proper to dine with "a few friends." Even a widow need no longer count the threads of white in her collar and handkerchief in mortal terror lest there should be one too many. On the whole, the tendency is a sensible one, which, in the nature of things, can hardly go too far. People suffering real bereavement are not likely to be guilty of undue levity, while no sort of hypocrisy is more hideous than an affectation of sorrow.—Exchange.

UNDER AN ELECTRIC FAN.

The Disagreeable Experience of a Man Who Tried to Sleep.

"Ever sleep under an electric fan?" said a citizen to a newspaper man. "No? Well, I tried it one summer night, and the next morning I had it taken out of my house. I heard it was a great thing on hot nights, and as I could not sleep very well I had one put in my bedroom. You see, it was all very well at the start. The cool breeze was delicious. I had left the window open, and the arms of the fan seemed to catch a barrel of fresh air at each revolution. I felt splendidly, for I had been very hot before, and I tickled myself at the prospect of a good, sound sleep. But the whir, whir, humming noise of the fan seemed to attract my attention persistently. I tried to count the arms of the fan and then turned out the light. Then the noise seemed to increase. It was zoo-zoo-zoo all the time, and I could not sleep. I actually got hot thinking about that fan. It was zoo-zoo for hours, changing irregularly to whir, whir, whir, until at last I was almost crazy. I don't know how it happened, but I must have dropped off to sleep, for I had a dream. I thought that I had climbed about a big windmill and had become fastened to the end of one of the arms. It was blowing a gale, and the arms of the windmill were flying around at a terrific rate.

"As I went through the air the wind seemed to cut me like a knife. It buzzed in my ears and ran through my hair like a tornado through a forest. Finally, as I dreamed, I became unfastened from the arm of the windmill, and the momentum I had received threw me far out into space. I dropped and dropped and dropped. I tell you I was scared. I guess I gripped the pillow so tightly that it woke me up, for I did awaken just about the time I was about to drop around the earth again. I had the pillow hugged and pinched, and was perspiring like a colored laborer in a harvest field. I raised on my side and cursed that fan like an insane man, calling on it to stop. Then I arose and shut off the electricity. The thing died out with a moan, and I dropped off to sleep in a minute. This was about 2 a. m. No, sir. Don't give me any more electric fans to sleep under. It is as much as I can do to sleep without them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hollow Pistons.

The fact, though an infrequent one, that hollow pistons, on being heated for removal from the rod, have unexpectedly exploded has been the subject of special investigation in France, the fact appearing that during the last 20 years five explosions have occurred in French workshops in the reheating of these hollow cast iron pistons. It appears from the statement made in this connection that, on examining into the interior of a piston which had been in use some 11 years, there was exhibited a brown substance which contained fatty matter —oxide of iron, peroxide of iron and carbon—and this being the case it was supposed that a certain quantity of water had been forced into the cavity in service, either through the iron or through some imperfection in the plugs with which the original core support cavities were filled. The water, in forming oxide of iron, set free its hydrogen, which filled the piston cavity, and as the recombination of this hydrogen with the oxygen at a low, red heat would have the effect of producing an explosion of the character in question the suggestion is put forth by the experts having this examination in charge that such a result may be prevented by tapping before reheated.—New York Sun.

One on Jones.

The Merchants' club was enjoying its weekly smoke talk.

Mr. Jones, the well known clothier, was recounting one of his experiences.

"Brown and I were great rivals in the spring of 1856," he was saying. "His store was directly across the street from mine. He was a hustler and pushed me pretty hard. One day a young fellow who was on his uppers applied to me for a job. I sent him out that night with a hammer, a lot of spikes and 100 pieces of tin, each a foot square, with the inscription:

"'Buy your pants of Jones.'

"I gave him $5 for the job, with instructions to spike the pieces of tin to the sidewalk in front of Brown's store.

"I was a little late in getting down to the store the next morning. What did I see but the same man kneeling on the sidewalk, with a nail puller in his hands, engaged in pulling up the spikes and tins that he had put down the night before. He had on a new pair of trousers, with a tremendous rip in them, and on his back was a placard reading:

"'I bought my pants of Jones.'

"Brown had given him another $5 to undo the job that he had done for me. I never felt so cheap in all my life."—Boston Herald.

Prescribing In Sleep.

"I had an unusual experience once," said a celebrated London doctor, "which illustrates how accurately the brain may sometimes carry on the activities of the day during the interval of sleep, although such unconscious action would not do to swear by. I watched all night at the bedside of a patient. Early in the morning I lay down, telling the nurse to call me if such and such changes occurred. The changes came, and she did call me. I rose, went to the bedside, examined the patient carefully, changed the medicine and ordered a different treatment. Then I went back to bed. When I awoke again and the nurse referred to the change in the night, I did not know what she meant. I had not the faintest recollection of having been called or of having prescribed anything else. I examined the patient. She was better. Then I turned to the remedies. They were just what the case required. I had carried on the proper course of reasoning and had met every emergency of the case, and yet I was sound asleep all the while."

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

The Remarkable Case of Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf of New York.

A remarkable instance where death followed a "broken heart" was recorded at the coroner's office Thursday. Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf, 32 years old, died at her home on Wednesday evening. Dr. J. A. Sanders, who had last attended her, wrote a certificate that death was due to inanition and heart trouble and excessive grief. The board of health rejected the certificate, and it came to the coroner's office.

At the home of the dead woman it was said that she lived with her husband, George Wolf, an employee of the Metropolitan Traction company. Mary Melvin, the aged mother of the dead woman, had shared their humble apartments since the time of their marriage, five years ago. The mother and daughter had been constant companions all their lives. Melvin, who was an Englishman, died when Mrs. Wolf was an infant.

Last October Mrs. Melvin was stricken with a slow but fatal disease. Day and night the daughter waited upon her till her death, in June last.

For a few days Mrs. Wolf wept incessantly. Then a strange melancholy came over her. She ceased speaking of her dead parent, yet there was evidence of terrible inward grief. Her pining soon began to tell upon her health. Her husband talked with her about the folly of keeping the memory of her dead mother in mind, but she would not be consoled. She stopped going out and gradually ceased to partake of food. After a time she became so weak that she was obliged to take to her bed.

The husband returned nightly from his labor and sat by her bedside, imploring her to cheer up and live for his sake. Although she was sound of mind, she refused to pay any attention to her husband's importunities. Dr. Sanders found the woman suffering from no organic troubles and said that she would recover if properly nourished. He recommended that she be removed to a hospital, where she could better regain her strength. His suggestion was not heeded, because Mrs. Wolf declared she wished to die in the bed in which her mother had died. The doctor told her that he could do nothing more for her unless she took sustenance. She did not answer him, but shook her head. On Wednesday she died.

Mrs. Wolf will be buried in Calvary cemetery today. Dr. Cuff of the coroner's office said Mrs. Wolf's death was due to a broken heart. He said this was an instance where the woman's failure to pour out her grief in tears had brought on the disorders that caused her death.—New York Tribune.

INGRATITUDE OF NATIONS.

An Instance of It Toward a Hero of the Franco-German War.

A pathetic story of national ingratitude has been going the rounds of the London papers, which is interesting enough to be repeated, especially as it concerns those days of intense interest during which Paris was last in siege. Publicity has been given it by the fact that the hero of the incident has just gone into a French hospital in poverty, there to die. The Pall Mall Gazette thus tells the tale:

"When the German lines in the autumn of 1870 were gradually closing their boa constrictor grasp round the doomed capital, Durnof was the hero of the hour. An experienced aeronaut, who had three times been dashed into the sea and had run many other narrow escapes, he proposed, with his balloon, Neptune, to carry a mail out of Paris and to run the gantlet of the beleaguering armies. At daybreak on Sept. 23 he set out on his adventurous journey, the director of the posts assuring him as he handed in the dispatches and the pigeons that his courage and devotion would meet with a splendid reward. Durnof succeeded in his task and landed safe and sound at Evreux, but the poor old Neptune was never fit for another ascent."

Twenty-two years elapsed, but the unhappy aeronaut never received a penny from successive governments. Even his claim for the value of his balloon, which had been used till it was destroyed by the military authorities, failed to obtain the slightest recognition. After a couple of decades he got the bronze medal accorded to all who carried dispatches by balloon, and last year a small monthly grant was made, which barely sufficed to keep him from starvation. Swindlers and impostors of all kinds laid the foundation of future fame and fortune in the siege of Paris, but the first man who opened up communications between the imprisoned inhabitants and the outer world seems likely to die in dishonor and despair.

To Monopolize the Shopping Business.

A company has been organized in New York which will try to monopolize the shopping business. It has made an arrangement with the Broadway cable cars, and, it is said, will try to secure the same right on all the other lines, for the use of their front platforms as news and confectionery stands. On each car it will place a uniformed agent, who will sell the things on hand and will also take orders from the passengers for anything that they may want, from "collar buttons to a dress." The passenger has simply to tell the boy what he wants, and when he boards the car again the commission will be executed. The company proposes to make arrangements with a number of large establishments in the city to fill all orders that it brings in at the lowest possible rates.—New York Times.

The Crater Collapsed.

The great lake in Kilauea overflowed its banks on July 8, and on the 12th the lava fell 270 feet in 12 hours, causing the banks to fall in on all sides and engulfing about eight acres of the floor of the crater. The falling of the banks was going on all day and far into the night and produced a sight indescribably grand.—Honolulu Letter.

ROYALTY AND THE LAW.

The Queen of England and Her Son as Candidates For the Criminal Dock.

The bazaar in aid of the fund for rebuilding the Crathie church, near Balmoral, was held under the patronage of the queen, who also gave two plaited straw baskets made by her own royal hands. These precious presents were naturally made much of, and with the queen's approval were disposed of by a raffle, although the gaming laws distinctly specify raffling as illegal. The question arises, Has her majesty, by aiding and abetting it, made herself liable to prosecution before a magistrate? Lawyers have no doubt about it, but it does not follow that the law will be set in motion. The British constitution would scarcely survive the shock of the spectacle of the empress-queen in a criminal dock and possibly fined 40 shillings or a month at hard labor.

But while nobody is disposed to take action against the queen for conniving at a mild form of gambling plenty of people would not be sorry to see her son, lieutenant general, his royal highness the Duke of Connaught, tried by court martial for risking the lives of the men under his command. The duke is commander in chief of the Aldershot district. On Wednesday he and his wife went to the military balloon ground in order to christen a new balloon to be named after the duchess. The weather had been threatening thunderstorms, and the atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. Nevertheless it would never do to disappoint the duchess. So, just as the storm was about to break, the balloon was sent up 300 feet and anchored by a steel rope held by three sappers. The result, as might have been expected, was that the lightning struck the balloon, rushed down the steel conductor and horribly mangled the unfortunate sappers. The question every one asked is why the ceremony was not postponed, seeing that danger was palpable to the meanest understanding. The demand for a court martial is very general and will probably be acceded to, but it may be safely predicted that the prisoner will not be the general commanding, but some inferior officer.—London Cor. New York Sun.

BLASTING THE PALISADES.

Contractors Destroying Their Beauty to Get Out Granite Blocks.

Until comparatively recently the Palisades escaped the ruthless hands of contractors and quarrymen, despite the fact that there are few spots in the country where richer deposits of granite are to be found. A few quarries within the last five years have sprung up at Fort Lee, but they have all been located away back from the Palisades, and the front of these beautiful hills have been unmolested. Now, however, a firm of contractors, by exploding dynamite, 3,000 pounds at a time, is gradually making huge excavations in front of the Palisades, which will in the course of a very few months transform the historic Palisades from things of beauty to ordinary stone quarries.

Nothing that the lovers of natural scenery can do will in any way stop the destructive work from going on. The Palisades are private property, and that part of them which is at present being torn open by high explosives has been leased by the owners to contractors, whose love of the beautiful pales into insignificance beside their business instinct.

Aside from the destruction of the Palisades, the work going on in the quarries at Fort Lee is of moment on account of the enormous amount of dynamite which is being exploded there. People marveled at the explosion of 500 pounds of dynamite in a projectile thrown by a pneumatic gun at Sandy Hook some weeks ago. Six times that much was exploded at Fort Lee on Thursday at noon and again on Friday at the same hour, and although it was not thrown from a gun neither did it explode in the water, but in a solid bed of granite. The terrific force of these two explosions cannot be imagined by anybody who was not in Fort Lee to hear them, or who has not since visited the quarries to see their effect. The little village of Fort Lee shook as though an earthquake had visited it, and strangers in the place who were unaware that blasting was going on in the vicinity were firmly convinced that some convulsion of nature had occurred.—New York Sun.

The Fires Will Make Work For Many.

"What is the probable loss from the fire on pine stumpage throughout the state?" was asked of a leading logger.

"The loss is in one sense nominal," replied he. "You understand, fire does not burn the body of a pine tree. It only burns off the bark and foliage. The trunk of the burned tree is as good as ever it was, with this exception—the tree, after it is burned, must be cut the succeeding winter, else it will become worm eaten and worthless.

"This fire is a blessing in disguise to labor. Every owner of burned pine stumpage must go to work this coming winter and cut every foot of it, and many of these owners are forced to cut perhaps hundreds of millions of feet of stumpage they would not otherwise have cut for years to come. They are, you see, forced to employ immense crews of men they would not otherwise have had use for."—St. Paul Globe.

The Gracious Czar.

The czar has just issued his approval of the institution of dueling in the army. The commander in chief at Kiev, in issuing the new dueling code, says: "The czar has conferred upon us a new mark of his imperial grace in granting us the right to defend with arms in our hands that which is most precious to all of us—our honor. This gracious act on the part of his majesty makes it our duty, still more than heretofore, so to regulate our conduct and manners alike in official and social intercourse as to obviate all inimical misunderstandings and frivolous quarrels."—Moscow Letter.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 88 E. Madison-st.

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Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 32d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 333 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 5021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 3200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Loomis sts 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5822 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1639 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3750 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cuanes, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Dooher, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 656 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Fola. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 28—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4639 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 S 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 36 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 29—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Hindsaler, 425 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 162 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harrard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C

ANOTHER "PARLIAMENTARY" REPRESENTATIVE.

(To the Editor.)

CHICAGO, Oct. 10.—Some unknown monocle-man with a difficult polysyllabic name has been writing the usual British trash about the United States in the columns of the New York *Sunday Herald*, and a host of sensitive Americans have condescended to put themselves in evidence before the perambulating tribunal to apologize for their national existence. In addition to these, Mr. A. Conan Doyle (whom we had supposed to be a cosmopolitan or a Celt, but who it now appears is a Briton), lends his voice to the tumult, to plead that Americans keep their temper and assure the nation that Englishmen really think better of this country and its people, than would appear from the statements of his brother Briton. This is, of course, very tranquilizing, especially to that portion of our male youth that parts its hair in the middle, and which otherwise should find itself obliged by dire necessity to cross the Atlantic and become naturalized true Britons of the most insular type. To the greater and more thoughtful portion of the community that claims no Saxon lineage, and is innocent of anglomania, the statement must also be very reassuring coming from such good authority, that the American nation enjoys the respect, esteem and confidence of the people that looted and burned Alexandria, smoked Zulu mothers and their babes to death, hung their Afghan prisoners of war, plundered Burmah and assassinated its rulers, systematically rob, murder and oppress in Ireland and India, and forcibly sell the Chinese bibles and opium.

But a further question is entailed that affects Irishmen and men of Irish lineage: Mr. A. Conan Doyle assures us, on the part of the "British, *Irish*, South Africans and Australians." Of course if Mr. Doyle is determined to be a Saxon (for that in short is the modern meaning of British) nobody has any right to object; least of all the Celts, who are thus relieved of the sphynx; but on the other hand let Mr. Conan Doyle answer for Saxons, or others that need and understand the intricacies of Saxon augmentation; we Irish have no interest in common with that people—not a single idea, sentiment or wish that is Saxon or bears anglicizing; neither have we had any part in the monocle-man's attack, and consequently need no apologizers—least of all a Saxon one. Further, we decidedly object to being catalogued with British; and we still more resent the insult of placing our national name in immediate contact with theirs or with that of any other pirates, whether organized as a nation or simple banditti. Mr. Doyle, if one may judge from his name (which is not so very vulgarly British!) should know this; should know that we hold no interest in common with the descendants of Hengist and Horsa; that our every sentiment is the reverse of theirs; that in manners, customs, religion, language and race, we are widely and antagonistically different; that we are more than mere *aliens* to them; that in fact it may be doubted whether a common humanity binds us, and if it does we are exceedingly sorry to have such obtrusive relationship forced upon us in the most distant manner, seeing and knowing by sad experience what a race of cowardly, thieving, bloodthirsty and inhuman beings those same modern Britons have proved themselves to be. Mr. Doyle, the Saxons' friend, should know that we are the direct lineal descendants of the Celtic race, and of the principal family of that race, the Gaelic; of the first white race of Europe, the pioneer outposts of Aryan civilization; traditionally opposed to pillage, rapine, murder and slavery; apt to chafe under a government of "Virgin Queens," Cleveland street princelings, and bastard lordlings. Mr. Doyle probably does know that his buccaneer friends (or *kindred* if he wishes) have seized our lands, burned our homes, murdered our fathers, dishonored their daughters, plundered their sons and turned us adrift from our own country, to taunt us as aliens in every other land beneath the sun—and knowing this, and more, that needs no re-telling, bears no denying, necessitates no proof, he is indeed our unrelenting enemy, and the enemy of sacred justice and eternal truth, who would catalogue Irish with British as one people, or nation, or race; who would catalogue the victim with the assassin, the pillaged with the plunderer, the husbandman and patriot with the pirate and traitor.

It is said, and I believe it, that Mr. Doyle is a very able writer of fiction. We know that one of the "tricks of the trade" in that profession is the art of making a deep impression by an apparently artless insinuation or careless remark. I am willing to believe Mr. Doyle sufficiently a gentleman, despite his Saxon tendencies, to suppose that in the present instance the insinuation was genuinely artless, or the result of habitually expressing his ideas in that form, on any subject he might wish to advocate; but on the other hand it is our duty to guard against just such mistakes, which bear an ominous meaning for us—not the mere risk of having our national character blackened and our race traduced in that tribunal of peoples, the public press; but that more dreadful punishment of our gradual national extinction, on which so many English writers theorize, and at which all English statesmen, without exception, aim—the great object that inspires the artless insinuation and careless remark—the greatest of calamities for the Celt, his national death, historical obliteration and eternal oblivion.

I have no doubt that Mr. Doyle will publicly make amends, as far as possible, for his sad mistake; but my present purpose is not to plead for Saxon clemency but to call the public attention of my fellow-countrymen to these "mistakes," so common today in the press and current literature, and invariably allowed to pass unchallenged with that scorn of Saxon assailants so peculiar of the haughty kindly Celtic race.

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Overdrafts		20,472.02
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		307,160.68
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash	$2,053,010.82	
Due from banks	2,510,157.89	
Clearing Checks	362,017.18	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	2,250.00	4,927,435.89
Total		$10,376,723.31

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	123,564.63
National Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$7,991,453.60
Due banks	1,213,705.08
	9,208,158.68
Total	$10,376,723.31

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Wednesday, the 31st day of October A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Sept. 24, 1894.

PATRICK J. MCCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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AMERICAN BUILDING, LOAN AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY,

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE United States, Northern District of Illinois. Marcus M. Towle vs. American Building, Loan and Investment Society.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1894, appointed Receiver of all of the estate, real, personal and mixed, of every name, nature and description, of the American Building, Loan and Investment Society, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Illinois, within said Circuit.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and shareholders of said Society to file their claims against said estate with the Receiver at Room 59 in the Hartford Building, in the City of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, within thirty (30) days from October 10th, 1894, being the first day of the publication of this notice; the creditors by filing a statement of account verified by affidavit, and the shareholders by filing the certificates for the shares of stock held by them. Any creditor failing to file his claim, and any shareholder failing to file his certificate within the time limited, shall be debarred from sharing in the assets of said estate.

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